The AUGUST 1914 6d. Net

BOOKMAN

GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM.

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NDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON, WARWICK SQUARE, E.C.
ERED AT THE G.P.O. LONDON, FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND AS A MAGAZINE POST

Mr. Frank Norris,
whose posthumous novel, "Vandover and the Brute" (Heinemann), is reviewed on page 216.

literary agent, Mr. Leonard P. Moore, writes, "He stuck to his work on the *Daily Citizen* serial with simply astounding determination, writing the story with his own hand up to the last two instalments; then he wired to me to send down a stenographer, and I received the copy for the last instalment on the 24th June. He died on the 30th."

A curious book which will appear next month is "Limehouse Nights," by Thomas Burke. It is described as "A Set of Queer Tales," and it is, perhaps, the first attempt to interpret the intimate life and manners of that dark corner of London where the Asiatic colony is segregated. The author has had unusual and long acquaintance with this dockside Chinese quarter, and, terrible as some of the stories and recollections are, nothing is set down that is not within the memory of those who know their Limehouse. Tai-Fu, the brutal lodging-house keeper, who figures in many of the pages, was a familiar character in Poplar thirty years ago. Some of the tales have already appeared in the *English Review*, *The Nation*, and other journals.

The new volumes in Messrs. Williams & Norgate's Home University Library, contain admirable and well written studies of "Elizabethan Literature," by J. M. Robertson, M.P., and of "The Renaissance," by Edith Sichel; a concise and scholarly history of "Central and South America," by Professor W. R. Shepherd; a pleasant, gossipy, thoroughly useful book on "The Alps," by Arnold Lunn; and "Religious Development between the Old and the New Testaments," by Canon R. H. Charles, a masterly little study in a great subject that the thoughtful reader will find as deeply interesting as it is informing.

Mr. Gelett Burgess, whose satirical brochure "Are You a Bromide?" has not only become popular in the smart set, but has added a new epithet to the language, is now in London, ostensibly on business but really on his honeymoon. Shortly before leaving New York he was married to Miss Estelle Loomis, who is herself a well-known contributor to many American periodicals, and is at present writing a series of theatrical stories for the *Century*. Mrs. Burgess was formerly an actress, having played as leading lady for the late Richard

Alfred Wareing. **Frank Vernon.**
Neil Munro. **Arnold Bennett.**
F. Marriott. **Mrs. Alfred Wareing.**

An interesting group, taken at Loch Lomond by Mr. Edward Thomson on the occasion of the first production of "The Great Adventure" on any stage. It was produced by Mr. Frank Vernon, to whom "Milestones" is dedicated. Mr. Alfred Wareing is the founder of the Glasgow Repertory Theatre. Mr. Munro, who was present at the production, has just published what many critics consider is his greatest novel, "The New Road" (Blackwood), which we review on another page.

Mr. Gelett Burgess.

Mansfield. She is publishing next spring her first volume, "Her Him Book," and has announced her intention of making the author of "Are You a Bromide" and "The Purple Cow" famous as the husband of Mrs. Burgess. Some little time back Mr. Burgess lived in London for a year, and became a regular contributor to the *Sketch* and the *Queen*; his celebrated "Bromide" essay was, in fact, originally published in the latter. He is the author of several novels, but in the United States is the particular friend of children by reason of his "Goop" books, which have become nursery classics. He is before everything else, however, a satirist, and his "Maxims of Methuselah" and "Maxims of Noah," with their shrewd sayings on the foibles and failings of woman, and their humorous, ironical analysis of feminine psychology, enjoy an enormous vogue on the other side of the Atlantic. He has another satirical volume ready for publication this autumn, a dictionary of "words you have always needed," which will bear the unassuming title of "Burgess Unabridged." Just now Mr. Burgess is busy writing a serious novel, because he says he wants to live down his reputation as a humourist; though he is of opinion that nothing great can be done in literature without a sense of humour—which brings him up against a few things like Bacon's essays and Wordsworth's poems. Mr. Burgess has already had a comedy produced in New York, and it is his ambition to make a London success with a play that he and Mrs. Burgess are writing on their trip to the Continent; they will settle down in Paris for the winter, and thence continue their regular periodical work for the American magazines.

Canon E. Anthony Wharton Gill, whose new novel, "An Irishman's Luck," Messrs, Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this autumn, is the author of those very popular books "Love in Manitoba," and "A Manitoba Show Boy." He was born in Leicestershire, England, in 1858, and educated at Loughborough Grammar School, in the same county. After leaving school he became second master in Market Drayton Grammar School, Shropshire, and while there matriculated in the London University. Early in 1882, he was selected by Bishop Michison, of Barbados, acting for the Danish Government, for the post of English professor in the Government College in St. Thomas, Danish West Indies. Here he remained till the spring of 1883, when he came to Manitoba, and going West, homesteaded some forty miles north of the Qu'Appelle Valley. After two summers and a winter in the West, Canon Gill returned to Manitoba, and resumed teaching, and at the same time studied as an out-student of St. John's College for his degree in the University of Manitoba. He graduated in May, 1889, in Modern Language Honours, being bracketted first in the First Class,

Photo by Ward Muir. **Mr. Bertram Smith,**
whose new book, "Caravan Days" (Nisbet), is reviewed in "The Bookman's Table" Notes.

with scholarship and medal. In December of the same year he was ordained by the late Archbishop Machray, and placed in charge of a Mission in North-West Manitoba, where he remained for nearly twenty-one years, first as missionary for fourteen years, afterwards as rector and rural dean. His services to the Church were recognised by the present Primate by the bestowal of an Honorary Canonry, in 1908, and, further, by his appointment to the St. John's College staff in 1901. In the past seven years Canon Gill has held a commission as Chaplain and Hon. Captain in the 12th Manitoban Dragoons, and has been a familiar figure at the annual Militia training camps. His wide and varied experience of Western life has not been restricted to the English and Canadian elements, as during his earlier years he often ministered to the spiritual needs of a large Scandinavian Colony, before they had a minister of their own people.

Miss Ethel C. Hargrove is completing a new book on "Progressive Portugal," for publication this autumn. It is a study of both the country and the people, giving full attention to such subjects as Education, Music, Drama, Folk-lore, Literature, Trade and General History. Two earlier books by the same author, "Silhouettes of Sweden," and "The Charm of Copenhagen," were published by Messrs. Methuen, and more recently Mr. Andrew Melrose published her "Wanderings in the Isle of Wight," an intimate and interesting story of the island, and an account of the arts, industries and home life of its people. Miss Hargrove has lived in the Isle of Wight since she was nine years old, and writes of it from long personal observation. She was born in York, and belongs to a literary family; her great-grandfather, Eli Hargrove, contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* when it was first started, in the eighteenth century, and wrote a history of Knaresborough; both his son and his grandson wrote books and did much journalistic work. Her uncle, Mr. W. W. Hargrove, at the age of eighty-eight, is engaged in completing a history of York that was commenced by his father. Among her ancestors Miss Hargrove numbers the great Elizabethan explorer, Sir Martin Frobisher.

Miss Ethel C. Hargrove.

Mr. Talbot Mundy.

Mr. Talbot Mundy, whose new book, "Rung Ho!" Messrs Cassell are publishing, is counted one of the half dozen best story tellers in the United States. He is, by birth, an Englishman, and was educated at Rugby. He has roughed it and seen life in Australia, South Africa, India and other parts of the world, and only began to think of adopting the literary career three years ago. He says he went to America because he found that nobody wanted to employ him in this country. His first story was sold through a literary agent; he continued to write and was successful from the start, to such an extent that he is now a property owner in the country of his adoption, and no longer has to go after editors, because they come after him.

A brilliant company of authors and artists have contributed to make the forthcoming issue of *The Odd Volume* the largest and most interesting Number of this popular Annual that has yet been published. The authors include W. B. Maxwell, G. K. Chesterton, Jerome K. Jerome,

Professor George Bryce, D.D., LL.D.,

whose "Short History of the Canadian People" (Sampson Low) is reviewed in this Number.

Morley Roberts, Patrick MacGill, Eden Phillpotts, I. Zangwill, W. L. George, Walter Emanuel, Bart Kennedy, Charles Garvice, F. Raymond Coulson, Keble Howard, Neil Lyons, J. A. Hammerton, Lady Margaret Sackville, Stanley Portal Hyatt, Constance Smedley, Lady Jersey, Edwin Pugh, F. J. Randall, etc.; and the pictures (twenty-four in colour and thirty-two in black-and-white) are by Arthur Rackham, Frank Reynolds, John Hassall, Charles Robinson, Willy Pogany, Lieutenant General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, W. Heath Robinson, Will Owen, Tony Sarg, Lawson Wood, Harry Rountree, G. L. Stampa, Alfred Leete, George Morrow, W. K. Haselden, Starr Wood, Wilmot Lunt, Wallis Mills, J. A. Shepherd, and other well-known artists. *The Odd Volume*, the profits from which go to the funds of the Book Trade Provident Society, is edited by A. St. John Adcock, and will be published early in August by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

It is no easy matter to hit upon a new feature for any magazine, but we think Mr. David Whitelaw may be congratulated on having done this in *The Premier*. He gives in his September number a sensational story specially written for him by Mr. Max Pemberton; the story will end in an unsolved mystery. But in the following month will be published a story by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in which the mystery will be solved by that noted detective, Father Brown. The series will include other stories in which the mysteries will be solved by the Baroness Orczy's Lady Molly of Scotland Yard, by Mr. Austin Freeman's Thorndyke, and by Mr. Arthur Morrison's Martin Hewitt; there will, of course, be no collusion between the writers of the mystery stories and the writers of the solutions, the idea being to test the astuteness of these fictitious detectives in a practical way.

Amelie Rives
(Princess Troubetzkoy),

whose new novel, "The World's End" (Hurst & Blackett), we review in this number.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has written a new novel round the Women's Suffrage controversy. It is called "Delia Blanchflower," and will commence its serial appearance in this month's *Lady's Realm*.

The portrait and drawing of Mr. Granville Barker, lent by Mr. Alfred Wareing, for reproduction in our last month's issue were published by kind permission of the *Glasgow News*. We regret that the artist's name given under the latter was inaccurate: the drawing was by Mr. George Whitelaw.

The Booksellers' Diary.

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THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

WHAT is this that we call the "'Nineties"? It is something more than a movement. Man, in his calm, reflective moments, does not grow sad and sentimental over movements. It is more like the memory of a dead, familiar face, drawn with pain. Those who took an active part in that brilliant revel of art and letters known as the "'Nineties," still alive to-day as many of them are, must look back regretfully on the wine and roses, now spilt and faded, when life was a banquet presided over by Sardanapalus and his merry men. Oscar Wilde is dead, and Beardsley and Whistler. Can Signor Marinetti and Herr Weber take their place with their crude ultramontane fancies? We scarcely think so. Their art is much too serious, much too strenuous: it is without laughter, almost without tears.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson, though he came a decade or two later, probably knows more about the "'Nineties" than any other contemporary man of letters. He has made it his business to be the critic and biographer of the movement. He is the human figure behind the screen at whose command these dead marionettes spring into life and caper fantastically before our eyes as they did long ago on the tinsel stage. One of Mr. Jackson's many appeals to us is as the champion of the "'Nineties." One talks so much in these days of "paradox" that one hesitates even to use the word. It is almost as hackneyed as the thing itself. We have tried to find a way out of it, but in vain. We must use the odious word once more. Thank Heaven, it is very frayed and will not last long! Mr. Jackson is himself somewhat of a "paradox," a man difficult to reconcile with his environment. He is the editor of a popular weekly, a director, we understand, of two companies; he writes on art and poetry in his spare moments; is an aphorist and an essayist; a critic and idealist; a metropolitan who lives in a suburb; a man of letters and a man of affairs. He has more reverence for affairs than for letters. This, of course, is as it should be. The man of affairs has no reverence for affairs, but he has a great deal of reverence for letters, though he may not like the fact to be known. Mr. Jackson says that he has no sympathy for the mere recluse of letters. He thinks men of letters ought to do something else besides write books. The fact is, men of letters are continually doing something else. They are continually doing the thing they ought not to do, and continually leaving the thing they ought to do undone. It is part of their profession never to know what they are doing, just as much as it is part of their profession never to let others know what they might do. Mr. Jackson recalls in this division of his interests, the fairy in W. S. Gilbert's opera, he is only half immortal, but if he manages to get through the keyhole without sticking half-way we shall congratulate him on his complete immortality.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Holbrook Jackson.**

Holbrook Jackson was born in 1874. He escaped the usual University degrees—there is no list of scholarships to his name in that rubric of success, "Who's Who"—and was self-educated, as he was self-made. But he was, as a youth, diligent and thoughtful and turned his time and attention to all sorts of things, reading those books, no doubt, that are so startling to parents and guardians, and, finally, we say it with regret, he fell into the clutches of the Fabians. He not only avidly accepted their ideas, but he soon became a prominent and surprising member of a very prominent and surprising body, whose aim seems to be to develop brain tissue on a vegetable diet, to fall into painful ecstasies over Ibsen and Nietzsche in suburban drawing rooms, and to discuss the "colour" of Wagner's music and the morality of Mr. Shaw. Mr. Jackson took the Fabians very seriously in those days—we all do till we become emancipated—doing pioneer work for the cause. He founded with Mr. Orage (with whom he eventually edited *The New Age*) the Leeds Art Club, and brought up from London celebrities such as Shaw, Chesterton, Edward Carpenter, and W. B. Yeats, to tell the Midland people what they did not know about culture. He was one of the first to draw attention to the importance of Nietzsche in this country. He was

the earliest apologist of Mr. Shaw. He had discussed Shaw from every possible and impossible standpoint, dissected him, weighed and ear-marked him, thrown a light here and there on a dark side of his genius, bepraised and belauded him to the skies in Fabian speech with more than Fabian gesture. There was nothing left but to write a book about him. He had caught that last infirmity of noble minds. He could not rest till he saw his name on a title-page. The result was "Bernard Shaw," a book that brought its author more Press notices than pence. The book went into several editions. The Babel of contemporary criticism was never better exemplified than from the Press notices of this enthusiastic little study. You must read them. You will find them at the end of the third edition of the book. The most amusing opinion was that of the literary critic who wrote: "I regret to say that Mr. Holbrook Jackson, who has written a book to explain Shaw, is a Superior Person of the loftiest type." How Mr. Jackson managed to survive that lethal stroke is one of the darker mysteries of authorship!

Mr. Jackson was now fairly launched as an author, the target of the critical kit-kats, a man of light and leading; but was there not in the background somewhere a book of poems, and a brochure on the epicurean philosophy of Omar Khayyám? These are now rare, and cannot be bought for money or sold for love. The Shaw book was a triumph, despite the critics who never got back the laugh at their expense, for Mr. Jackson promptly pilloried them in the preface of the next edition.

In the intervals of authorship Mr. Jackson wrote weekly articles on books for many papers, but he found a wider scope for his energies when he became managing director of *T.P.'s Weekly*, soon after he had resigned the editorial reins and ribbons of *The Beau*, that last farcical rocket of the Decadents. He then wrote "Romance and Reality," "All Manner of Folk," "Great English Novelists," a small but excellent study of William Morris, and, best of all to our mind, "The Eighteen Nineties." Such are the facts of a busy, varied life.

Mr. Jackson, then, may be called the chronicler of the men and movements of the later nineteenth century, particularly that part of it we call "*fin-de-siècle*," or more simply, the "'Nineties," the Wilde and Beardsley period, whose Alcoran was *The Yellow Book* and whose symbol was a broken lily. It was once a nosegay, but the colours have all faded now; it is no longer a nosegay but a wreath. The names of the high-priests of this movement are legion. They are all there in his book, strutting across the lighted stage, each with his pose and antic, his quip and his quiddity, sad and gay, mirthful and staccato, pitilessly witty, with the wit born of cynicism and disillusion. What a gay, draggled, brilliant crowd, piping such music as was never heard before or since in this green England, as they pranced their way like puppets in a play before the footlights that flickered and went out before they had got half way across the lighted stage! Mr. Jackson is their biographer, their critic, their pathologist even. He does not gloss their defects, but notes them more in sorrow than in anger. It is all told in the "Eighteen-Nineties" with sympathy and insight. Mr. Jackson has done as a critic for the men and women of the period what M. Nordau has done as a pathologist. The one is a healthy corollary of the other.

We had intended to quote some characteristic passage from Mr. Jackson's work, but we must content ourselves with one or two aphorisms taken from "Platitudes in the Making," which we had forgotten to mention. Here are a handful of them. They will amuse you, but do not ponder them too deeply. Aphorisms, like pearls and chameleons, are misleading: they change colour under your very nose:

(1) Genius is initiative on fire.

(2) Suffer fools gladly; they may be right.

(3) Domesticity is the last refuge of the inferior man (!)

(4) The academic attitude is always obsolete.

(5) As soon as an idea is accepted it is time to reject it.

(6) Pedants are the pedlars of intellect.

Mr. Jackson having ransacked the coffers of contemporary letters, says he is done with criticism and is going to devote himself in future to creative work after the style of those charming studies, "The Lady Margery Papers," and that very striking fantasy, "Southward Ho!" which gives the title to the volume of essays and stories by Mr. Holbrook Jackson which Mr. Dent has just added to his *Everyman's Library*. He may even fritter away some precious years of his life in play writing; and as he has just been appointed editor as well as managing director of *T.P.'s Weekly* he will probably have other distractions to contend with; but we hope those larger dreams of his will be realised now that he has crossed the threshold and is face to face with his real career.

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

"JANEY CANUCK."

(MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY.)

THERE is a distinct flavour about Canadian journalism. We are familiar with the literary touch of the "wild and woolly west," where the life of a newspaper editor is nearly as precarious as that of a cinematograph operator. We have revelled in the quaint headings in newspapers printed and published in the remote states, where tragedy, even of the grimmest, is lightened and made fit for publication by a broad streak of comedy that runs like a thread of gold in the vitals of the western newspaper man. The aim of the American journalist is to be "racy," to have "snap" and "snip" and plenty of it. Our own

mild "Railway Disaster: Fourteen Dead," is to him in a moment of lurid inspiration "Car Cataclysm: Fourteen Souls Snuffed to Glory." The dry "Death of Noted Citizen" becomes the juicy "Bill Keary Shuffles his Last Card." It is a great art, this literary cinematography; it tends to the gaiety of the American nation. The Canadian journalist is quite as vivid in his methods, but more merciful. We cull this from the *Winnipeg Saturday Post* as a characteristic specimen of "snappy" Canadian journalism. A certain George Ham at a presentation—it was of a flask—to Cy Warman,* "the well-known Canadian writer, burst into poetry in a friendly way." This is how he "burst":

> "Ere he had finished half his task
> The girls gave Cy a silver flask.
> He opened it in half a minute,
> Then sighed, 'Gee whiz, there's nothing in it!'"

This takes us by devious ways to "Janey Canuck." There could be nothing more delightful, I should imagine, than to be a Canadian celebrity. People go a thousand miles to see you. Your name becomes a household, or we should say rather, a "homestead" word. Your Press notices are couched in the most seductive Canadianese. "From Winnipeg to Edmonton to make an afternoon call," says our *Dominion* contemporary, "seems rather a far cry." It is. It is a cry sixteen hundred miles long. From London (England) to Edmonton would be an even longer cry, and much as we should like to have a chat and, above all, "afternoon tea" with the author of "Open Trails," we are afraid we must abandon the idea just at present. We journalists on this side of the Atlantic lack the enterprise and "snip" of our Canadian colleagues. We shall have to look at our author through a magic telescope.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy.
("Janey Canuck.")

Who, then, is "Janey Canuck"? It seems that she is a variety of things, but for us she is first and foremost the clever and vivacious author of "Open Trails" and "Janey Canuck in the West," books that have literally sung their way through the Dominion. Her work has the optimism of the true lyric; the song of the open road; the refrain of windswept spaces was never set to a better tune. Mrs. Arthur Murphy, more familiar to her readers as "Janey Canuck," is a woman who has played many parts in life. She bustles with that energy which we generally associate with the new world—the world that is too busy to be tired.

* Mr. Warman, we regret to say, died a few weeks ago.

She was born in Cookstown, Ontario, a pleasant spot, we are told, the daughter of an Ulsterman—the broth that burns!—who came from Cavan to Canada. You see we are dealing with pioneers, the people who left Ireland to build up Canada, helped a little by the Scotch. We learn further that she was educated at a school in Toronto. At nineteen she married an Anglican clergyman, the beloved "Padre," and, like a dutiful wife, helped him in his parish work. Parish work, even in an idyllic village in Western Ontario, could not quench the literary aspirations of the future "Janey Canuck." She came back to what Canadians affectionately call the "Old Country," wrote "Janey Canuck Abroad," a series of bright and witty sketches on things European, from German cooking to English ritualism. She found her vein from the beginning like a true pioneer. The "Padre," who seems to be equally versatile, began to take an interest in timber and agriculture, assisted by the indefatigable "Janey," who seems to know as much about farming as the most experienced settler. We know that from the observations scattered about her books. She can ride, sew, "break a bronco," manage a farm, knows all about the inner workings of a coal-mine, can put the "stane," and has a weakness for hospitals, clubs, district nurses, playgrounds and Canadian fossils. She can also write "live" books. Happy Padre! Who would not be you to possess such a treasure?

As a writer, "Janey Canuck" has a rare distinction. She has the light "rippling" touch, the vein of *causerie*, which we in our ignorance think to be the exclusive medium of the French. Nothing more misleading. We find the same light, effortless writing in Sara Jeannette Duncan—another Canadian—and in the work of Kate Douglas Wiggin, though we do not couple this writer with "Janey Canuck." Their work is as distinct as chalk from cheese; but their methods are the same. It is not style, but a thing that is born in one like a sunny temperament and a happy outlook on life. Style is altogether different; it is a thing of the study. It is the difference between a trellised rose and a wild marguerite. The author of the "Open Trails" is not a stylist. I do not think she cares a jot about style or how a thing will look. She is quite without artifice in her literary work as in her open, frank personality. She just writes as the blackbird whistles, as the stream flows, and her song is not the song of art, but the song of life. Its keynote is: "I am happy, and I want the world to be happy with me." Your stylist is a clever

fellow, whom I respect and whose precepts I try to follow, haltingly; but there is something in this style-ridden world that is infinitely greater—if you are not an author!—style pales before love and charity and human happiness. This is what "Janey Canuck" represents to those tens of thousands of her readers in the populous cities of the West and in the lone shack on the far prairie. Style, forsooth! They will not thank you much for this purely academic thing in the far West. They want something with blood in it, even if it be only a black pudding! No; it is certainly not style that matters in the work of "Janey Canuck" any more than it matters in the work of Walt Whitman—a kindred philosopher. She comes scattering seeds of gladness in our midst, and lo! our gloom is gone like a black cloud that breaks before the April sun. She is the philosopher of gladness and content and common sense, a philosophy as durable as Bergsonism. The whole thing is a garland of gladness sparkling with the dews of a clean, fresh philosophy—a crown of rest for tired brows. What patron saint, we wonder, bends over "Janey Canuck" when she is weaving her bright fancies? Perhaps it is only the "Padre," saintliest and most elfin of men!

Of all "Janey Canuck's" books, commend me to "Open Trails." It is a rubric, a book that makes you want to go and bury your face in the cool brooks, to hear blackbirds and robins piping against the clear skies; to be the brother of the wind, the lover of the stars; to breathe the freedom of sun-washed spaces and follow the trail through the fragrant pinewoods and "winding mossy ways." It is as refreshing as a bunch of spring flowers. I recommend it as a cure for the vapours. It will buck you up like an elixir. Do not, I beseech you, take the "cure" at a "spa," even if you can afford it. Go and lose yourself in a Surrey lane and take "Open Trails" as your companion. It will affect you like a moral spring cleaning!

What is the charm of "Janey Canuck" that has set all the critics raving on the other side of the Atlantic and has taken us captive? We cannot analyse it any more than could Emerson analyse the charm of the Rhodora of the woods. When you hear the thrush singing his song in the green tree you do not ask what makes it sing; you are content to listen. So it is with the author of "Open Trails." Let us quote a little from our Canadian philosopher, just a few pearls—nothing more. "We hear a woodpecker at mischief. He is the bad boy of the woods who taps at doors and runs away." Nothing profound in that, you say. No; but it is delicious. "The sunflower, a saucy baggage, a young woman of the now-look-at-me variety, whose character may be summed up in the fact that she has golden curls and a black eye." A new and pleasing symbol. We shall remember it when we look at a sunflower and recall Blake's:

> "Oh, Sunflower weary of Time
> That countest the steps of the sun!"

She has something appropriate and witty to say about everything on her rambles abroad. She does not pause for a moment in her bright chatter. We like much her views on the advantages of being born a North-American Indian:

"While there are positive disadvantages in the Indians' methods of living—such as the unæsthetic intimacies of wedded life in an 8 by 12 tent—on the other hand there are superlative compensations. They have no perpetual arrears of unfinished work and they know nothing of transcendentalism, microbes, and Mrs. Eddy. They do not pay taxes, have no 'at home' days, do not have to re-bind their skirts, and get no offensive yellow bills intimating that their water will be cut off at the main unless promptly paid for. They do not need to serve on a jury, or in the militia. They do not 'Fletcherise' their food, and never heard of a financial stringency. They keep their appendixes inside, where they properly belong, and their children know nothing of a punctual, pitiless school-bell. . . . So far as I am able to deduce from the conversations I have heard, the Indian's deadly and unpardonable sin lies in the fact that he has not made money. And how, pray tell me, can a man make money when his blood is mixed with the sap of trees?"

Ay, there's the rub; the root of the matter. This dialogue between the author and an old Kentucky nigger, evidently one of the "elect," is too good to be omitted, though the publishers will not like me if I quote more:

"Jeremiah: Do yo' mind, missy, how de Elder kep dis yer ole imp er de debbil down de well?

"Sezze, What do yo' charge to clean out de well?

"Sezzi, Let dis yer nigger up till he don calkerlate.

"Sezze, Jeremiah, yo' calkerlate down dar. I sho' 'nuff keep de ladder on top.

"Huh, missy, bus' my ole head open, but dis yer nigger seed dat day what de Lawd Jesus nebber seed. Jesso, missy, jesso. Dis yer nigger seed his equal, and de Lawd Jesus nebber seed dat."

The "Padre" seems to be up to all the tricks of the trade. Thrice happy "Padre"! You, too, are among the immortals! B. R.

THE READER.

"GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM."

By St. John G. Ervine.

I.

IT is a paradox of human life that when a nation is healthy and prosperous, its people like to "tell sad stories of the death of kings," while the people of a nation that is desolate and poor pass the time in making jokes. The age of Elizabeth was probably the happiest and most prosperous in English history; there was then a more equitable distribution of wealth than there is now, for while it is true that we have more millionaires than the Elizabethans had, it is also true that we have a very great many more paupers than they had; and it is also true that we do not treat our paupers as well as they treated theirs. Each day in the life of an Elizabethan brought some fresh incentive to the imagination: an enemy was defeated, a new land was discovered, travellers, given up for lost, returned suddenly with stories of rich and rare countries, bringing trophies with them won from men of strange colours and customs. Yet in that age of happy lives, the dominant note in literature was one of tragedy. The drama of Elizabeth's day dealt in death and disaster and unthwartable destiny. Shakespeare, a man of comfortable circumstance, offers us a show of poor young princes and distraught kings and unhappy ladies. He, as I have elsewhere written, "filled his stage with tombs and skulls and dead men's bones, and sent his heroes and his heroines to their ends by violent means. Hamlet, Lear, Richard, Romeo, Othello, and Macbeth met death and insanity in the company of Ophelia, Desdemona, Juliet and Macbeth's Lady."

In Ireland, where the conditions of life until lately were otherwise, the dominant note in Anglo-Irish literature has been Comic. Goldsmith, Sheridan, Wilde, Shaw, Synge, and Lady Gregory gave a Comic Drama to the world. Charles Lever and Samuel Lover filled their novels with buffoonery in the days when their country was near to her death. Dion Boucicault, the most noted melodramatist of his time, made the Irishman a figure of fun even when Irish men and women were dying like dogs by the bogside. "The rich and happy English people," if I may quote from myself again, "gave 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear' to the world; the poor and persecuted Irish gave 'Charles O'Malley' and 'Handy Andy'!"

Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

George A. Birmingham
(Canon Hannay).

II.

Within the past twenty years, however, there has been a great troubling of the waters in Ireland. A combination of circumstances, notably the settling of the Land problem and the remarkable development of the Co-operative movement, has enormously altered the economic situation of the Irish people; and because of this there has grown up, and is still growing, a movement among Irishmen of letters which is away from the traditional literature. That movement may best be described as a critical movement, a searching of motives and intentions. In every part of Ireland writers are rising up, and, with an unanimity which suggests an organised conspiracy to the ignorant mind, they are subjecting their countrymen to the fiercest criticism and exposure. The result of this new growth is that there is a greater diversity of writers in Ireland to-day than has hitherto been the case. Formerly, our writers were uniformly Comic, and our Poets were uniformly Patriotic; but now our writers are of all sorts, a thing in itself significant of health. We still have the Comic Writer in Ireland, but he wears his comicality with a difference; he mingles criticism with his jests; and by his side we have the Tragic Writer, the Realist, and the Fantasist. Our poets have turned from patriotism to mysticism. They, perhaps, are better known in England than any of our writers, with the exception of "George A. Birmingham." Mr. Yeats, "Æ." (George Russell), Mr. Padraic Colum, Mr. Seumas O'Sullivan, Mr. Joseph Campbell, Miss Susan Mitchell, and many others, are making poems of a quality which their predecessors, perhaps, would not have understood. Some of our poets, notably Synge and Mr. James Stephens, shrink from mysticism and take their pleasure in pagan beliefs and brutality. The dramatists, apart from Synge and Lady Gregory, are less known than the poets, but most of them are young men, of whom the more effective are Mr. Lennox Robinson and Mr. T. C. Murray. The dramatists are all Realists. It is among the novel-writers that one finds the greatest variety, ranging from the purely Comic to the Critical and the Fantastic; from the Ross-Somerville combination, through Canon Hannay

Photo by Werner & Son, Dublin. **George A. Birmingham (1888).**

("George A. Birmingham") to the fantastic Mr. Stephens and the critical realist, Mr. Gerald O'Donovan.

III.

The Reverend James O. Hannay, M.A., was until a year ago rector of Westport, Co. Mayo. He is now an Honorary Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. He was born in Belfast, of which city his father was vicar, in 1865, and was educated partly in England, partly in Ireland. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. In his capacity as a clergyman, he has printed two books of theology and a memoir of his father-in-law, the late Bishop of Killaloe; in his capacity as a man of letters, he has written seventeen novels and two plays; in his capacity as a journalist he has written many columns of articles. These are the main facts of his life taken mainly from the precise and impartial pages of "Who's Who." It is in his capacity as a man of letters that we are here concerned with him, but it will be necessary to the understanding of his work that I should add to these facts the further facts that, although he comes from an Ulster Unionist family, he is a Home Ruler, and that he is singularly able to interpret Ireland to the Englishman because he has lived in Belfast, in Dublin, and, for twenty years, in Connacht.

IV.

His novels may be separated into three groups: Political, Historical and Miscellaneous. These divisions do not include his Essays—"The Lighter Side of Irish Life" and "Irishmen All"—or his Theological writings. His Political novels are the least-known because they are the earliest; they show signs of his apprenticeship to letters, for he has not quite mastered the craft of mingling art with ethics in "The Seething Pot," "Hyacinth," and "Benedict Kavanagh." The art and the ethics are, as it were, in separate departments. Now and then he interrupts his story to make a little discursus into current politics; he even heaves a lump of a Blue Book at his readers. Perhaps it is inaccurate to describe this manner of interrupting a story as a sign of imperfect craftsmanship; it might be more accurate to describe it as a reversion to the manner of the eighteenth-century novelist, for Ireland in many respects is still in the eighteenth century. Fielding, for example, invariably suspended his tale while he delivered a homily on this theme or on that. Mr. Bernard Shaw, who was born in the eighteenth century and will probably die in it, sometimes forgets his tale altogether in his eagerness to preach his sermon.

Canon Hannay's political novels, however, are very necessary to the education of any Englishman who would like to know what sort of country Ireland is. The most recent of them, "The Red Hand of Ulster," although it is not the best of his books, is remarkable because of the uncanny way in which its author has foreshown the development of the Anti-Home Rule movement. He even prophesied the gun-running incident which set every Irishman, Nationalist and Orangeman, laughing once again at the English people. The book was clearly written in haste, but it was written in the haste of a man who knows, and it gives the Englishman, confused by the contradictions of English journalists, an unique opportunity of making out something of the facts of the Ulster situation for himself. These political novels show the forces which are moulding Irish minds, just as the two historical novels, "The Northern Iron" and "The Bad Times," show how those forces have been created.

V.

His Political and Historical Novels caught the attention

"The Inviolable Sanctuary."

Cottage on one of the islands in Clew Bay in which Canon Hannay, his wife and daughter, used to camp in summer time. The cottage was named after one of his books.

of the minority, chiefly in Ireland; but his Miscellaneous Novels made his name popular in England. He was well known in the libraries before Mr. Charles Hawtrey produced "General John Regan," and it was right that he should be so, for he had written the jolliest story that had been published in the English language for a long time. "Spanish Gold" was not merely a novel: it was an event. It marked a definite change in the character of Canon Hannay's writing, a thing of consequence in itself, but it marked a still greater change in the character of the story of hidden treasure. One knows what stories of this sort usually are: a mixture of melodrama and priggery in which the "natives" are shown to be incredibly villainous, while the explorers are shown to be incredibly heroic. Each of these stories contain a comic character, a preposterous cook, a drunken seaman or a semi-civilised negro, who is used to round up chapters and provide light relief. The story itself is written strictly to formula, with a carefully-measured dose of knockabouts to a large quantity of thrilling adventures. Canon Hannay changed all that. His chief figure was a Comic character, the incomparable "J. J.," the red-haired, garrulous curate, a man who would make a *matinée* girl wrinkle her nose; and the treasure, when discovered, is not awarded to the hero, but to an old peasant. The hero, in short, quits the treasure island no richer than he was when he landed on it!

George A. Birmingham

The plot of "Spanish Gold" is very neatly planned. The adventures are not sacrificed to the fun, nor is common sense sacrificed to the adventures. You do not feel as you read the story that it is "all my eye." Canon Hannay once described himself as "a sordid realist." That, of course, was his nonsense, but there is some excuse for the reader who thinks of him as a realist, for he had an extraordinary capacity for giving verisimilitude to the most farcical happenings. He has created characters who never lived on land or sea, without, however, causing the reader to doubt their credibility. I have heard of a lady who, under the spell of Synge, spent a fortnight in Connemara and then came home complaining that she had not met one person who had killed his da! I do not doubt that many persons travel annually to Mayo in the sure and certain hope of meeting a red-haired, shabbily-dressed curate, smoking a fat pipe and perspiring freely as he tears along the roads on a rickety bicycle on some farcical adventure.

He has taken themes in "The Simpkins Plot" and "The Search Party" that would scandalise the most hardened melodramatist and farce-writer, and has invested them with the air of reality. Consider the theme of "The Simpkins Plot": A woman novelist, who decides to seek solitude in Ireland in order to produce another book, bears so close a resemblance to a murderess that her own uncle, the judge who tried the murderess,

Cover design from "Hyacinth," by G. A. Birmingham.

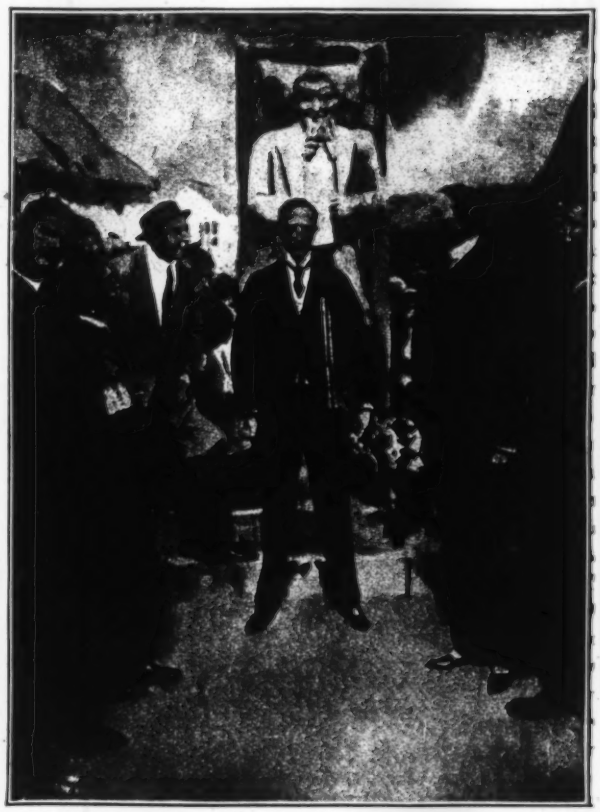
is deceived when he meets the lady at Euston. The murderess has been acquitted. The novelist travels to Ireland, and on the way encounters "J. J.," who compares her features with the portrait of the murderess in a newspaper, and promptly decides that she and the murderess are identical. In Ballymoy, "J. J." discovers that a new land-agent has made himself objectionable to the residents, Protestants and Catholic, and so he tries to marry the land-agent to the reputed murderess, who has rented a house in the neighbourhood, and induces a number of intelligent persons to assist him in doing so on the plea that the lady will probably treat the land-agent as she is supposed to have treated her first husband. This is the wildest farce, and, thus described, seems hopelessly beyond belief, but Canon Hannay contrives to give it an air of reality. It has not got that wooden, mechanical look that one inevitably discovers in other farces.

It was this air of verisimilitude that really made "General John Regan" popular. The faults of that play, as a piece of stage-craft, are many, for Canon Hannay is serving his apprenticeship to the theatre, but its faults were swallowed up in its remarkable qualities. The word "remarkable" is not used thoughtlessly; it is used deliberately "General John Regan" is remarkable because, unlike any other farce I have ever seen, it has an air of credibility; it is remarkable, too, because two of its three acts are set in the open air whereas all other farces are of a nature that would shrivel up in the open air; it is remarkable because it does not contain any love interest whatever, although in this respect it is in line with the bulk of modern Irish drama, and because, apart from conventional love interest, it does not contain any sex entanglement such as seems to be absolutely vital to the farces one generally sees on the London stage. Finally, it is remarkable because its one interior act is set in a room with *one* door. This stinginess with doors amounts, in the eyes of the average farce-writer, to something like an outrage; he will tell you that it is impossible to be funny in a room with less than seven doors in it through which the characters must continually tumble in their efforts to escape observation. This point about the door is very important, for it helps to show that Canon Hannay deals in natural settings and real people rather than in theatrical scenes and painted dummies.

Sometimes, as in "The Major's Niece" and the novel, "General John Regan," Canon Hannay is inclined to take his fun too easily. It is essential to Canon Hannay's work that one should believe in his people; the moment that one begins to doubt them, one ceases to laugh at them. When "J. J.," or his double, Dr. Lucius O'Grady, begins to move in a rut, when his garrulity and his impudence cease to be natural and become mechanical, when we are able to say, "Hilloa! J. J.'s up to his tricks again!" the mirth falters. In his latest novel, "The Lost Tribes," there is an immense reach of fun, but here there is a sense of repetition. It is as though Canon Hannay had put "J. J." into petticoats and changed his nationality, turning him into an American woman . . . and the petticoats are somewhat embarrassing. The humour is not exhausted, but it has not got the fresh smack of "Spanish Gold."

VI.

He is still in process of growing. Mr. Chesterton once wrote of Mr. Wells that "you lie awake at



Cover design from "General John Regan," by G. A. Birmingham.

night and hear him grow." That sentence would have been nearer the truth if it had ended in "change his opinions." It is more true of Canon Hannay. I discover in his writing a tremendous tolerance of all sorts and conditions of men. When a Belfast man is tolerant, he is extremely tolerant. That is the one paradox he permits to himself. Canon Hannay is a tolerant Belfast man, and, like all tolerant men, he is slightly cynical in his views. A man who can tolerate all men must be in a position to see the humbug and folly of them as well as the sincerity and wisdom. I do not deny that he has his enthusiasms—I have heard him speaking of "Æ." and the Co-operative movement—but I assert that the chief note in his writing is one of tolerant and dispassionate criticism. Perhaps he is too eager to discount the insincerities of politicians, and so discounts their miscroscopic sincerity as well. He does, I think, wrongly give one the impression that there is no real feeling in Irish politics, that in its place there is a lusty pretence to scare the English out of their silly wits. His tolerance hardly extends to officials and solemn blokes. I met him once in a railway train in the West of Ireland, and we began to talk about Englishmen, as Irishmen will, and we spoke of English reviews, such as the *Spectator* and the *Nation*. "They take themselves very seriously, those fellows!" he said of the people who write for those journals. It was a characteristic utterance. The person who is absolutely unendurable to "J. J." is the solemn bloke. When Lalage in "Lalage's Lovers" founded the Anti-Tommy-Rot Society, she had all the solemn fellows of the world in her eye. When Canon Hannay sees a pompous person, he has the common Irish desire to upset his dignity. Mr. Shaw has it, too. We all have it. We dearly love to pull the leg of an Englishman, but Canon Hannay is worse than most of us, for he will even pull the gaiters of a bishop.

Photo by Russell & Sons.

George A. Birmingham.

VII.

I sometimes wish that he would write one final Comic story in which "J. J." and Dr. Lucius O'Grady are pitted against each other; and then abandon these characters and their duplicates for ever. I should like to see him take his Political and Historical and Comic Stories and mingle them into one book, and I should not object if he were to throw his theology in, too. He is peculiarly fitted to write a big book on Irish life; for he knows it in all its aspects, and to his knowledge he has joined great sanity of judgment, a tolerance that is almost unique, and a palpable love of all Irishmen from the north to the south. He makes a reference in one of his stories to a Nationalist and a Unionist M.P. who got into the same railway carriage and, secluded from the eyes of constituents, managed to talk very sensibly about Ireland. Canon Hannay ought to build that railway carriage. He has wit enough to do it.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best four lines of verse embodying the feelings of a competitor who is at length awarded a prize after trying so many times that he had almost given up in despair.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors

should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is divided. and we award HALF A GUINEA each to Mr. A. Glyn Prys-Jones, of 31, Lysways Street, Walsall, and to Miss Hester Viney, of Cintra, Swanage, Dorset, for the following:

MADONNA.

God made her on His loom of time,
And long He wove with wondrous things,
He took a lamb from out a fold
And spoiled the clouds of sunset-gold,
In whitest lilies aureoled.
He chaliced blood that flowed in kings;
He caught a sunbeam passing rare
And bound it captive in her hair
To glorify her face sublime.

Then, like a doe, He made her fleet,
And with a wave He wrought her strong,
And, at His word, the glory sped
From a new rose that west-winds fed
To tinge her lips a crimson red
And make her mouth a wonder-song,
He gave her breath from hidden bowers
Of clematis and passion-flowers
So that her words were honey-sweet.

Then lo! God kissed her in the dawn
And gave her soul His gift of love,
He put two lilies on her breast
And made her eyes twin pools of rest:
And o'er the body He caressed
He set peace brooding like a dove.
He gave a secret to the wind
That sore in travail she might find
Delirious joy—of anguish born.

Behold, she dwells amid the throng
From age to age along the years.
Her voice is as an old refrain,
Her touch is balm of dew and rain,
Her fingers bind the mouths of pain
And sow the seeds of hope for fears.
Adown the labyrinths of woe
Her sweet, eternal footsteps go
And echo in a ceaseless song.

A. GLYN PRYS-JONES.

LOVE'S HOUSE.

Love said, "I will build me a house
To stand for ever,
I will build it so strong, that it shall fall
In ruins never."

Love took a smile to build his house,
A turn of head,
A touch of a hand, a verse of song,
A word half-said.

And Love took a tear from a sweet blue eye
A wave of hair;
And he cried, "There was never a house so strong
Nor half so fair."

But dark in the sky the clouds hung low
With heavy rain,
And cold winds brought the cruel sleet
And snow again.

And lo! the house Love thought so strong,
In ruins slept;
And Love fled far, and hid his face,
And wept and wept.

HESTER VINEY.

We also select for printing:

PARADISE COURT.

It isn't so much that it's work we mind,
Though some of us take to that none too kind,
And we shouldn't object to be left behind
On five days out of the six:
And it isn't because we are under-paid
Or sweated and bullied in every trade,
Whilst the owners pocket what profit is made
And we chaps pocket the kicks.

It isn't that often the kids go bare
And there's never the price of the boots to spare,
While babies come from the Lord knows where
As certain as New Year's Day.
Nor it isn't that Paradise Court is small
For the women to wash and the kids to crawl,
And the sun soon goes when it comes at all,
While stinks and stuffiness stay.

And it isn't that everyone's all-that keen
On a garden plot, or a village green—
For there's plenty of grass will grow between
The cobble-stones under the pump:
But it's having to stick-it for God-knows-why
From the day you are born till the day you die,
With nothing to look for as years go by—
It's *that* that gives you the hump.

(A. Sedgwick Barnard, 5, Victoria Terrace, Walsall.)

THE JUDAS TREE.

Have you not heard the ancient lay
How Christ, our little Brother,
Walked in a garden close one day
With His most blessed Mother?
The thrushes sang to see Him pass,
And daisies clustered in the grass
Bowed down their heads to kiss His feet—
He was so young and sweet.

The dying sunset aureoled
His childish head with glory
While Mary leaned to Him and told
Each flower's simple story:
The poppies flaming cups, she said,
Were holy martyr-souls, blood-red:
The lilies in a shining row
Were virgins white as snow.

He broke the blossoms from the trees
And filled His arms with plunder,
Questioning gaily, "What are these,
O Mother, dear, I wonder?
Are they twelve holy Saints? and why
Did this one lose his buds and die?"
She answered Him, "I cannot tell:
Perchance he sinned and fell.

"Let be, my sweetheart; let it go;
For you will never mend it."
He weeping answered her, "Not so;
For I will come and tend it."
And where His tears, like summer rain
Were shed, the branches bloomed again,
While Jesus clapped His hands to see
The purple Judas tree.

(Vivien Ford, 12, Priory Road, Tyndall's Park, Bristol.)

We also specially commend the lyrics sent in by N. Loris Healey (Preston), O. H. C. (Sheffield), Ethel Vincent (Headingley), George Woolrich (Manchester), Charles Archer (Oxford), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Lettice Cole (Pontrilas), F. Phyllis Plummer (Ontario), Ethel Talbot (Edinburgh), Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby (Gunnersbury), Harriet J. Cogie (Stranraer), J. L. Duncan (Rothesay), Vivian de Sola Pinto (Hampstead) Arthur S. Wilshire (Dalston), Audrey Haggard (Ditchingham), Edna I. V. Norman (Bournemouth), Christian D. Warren (Buchlyvie), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hull), D. B. Clark (Freiburg), Frances Bexfield (Audley), Mrs. A. E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Mary Hurst (Ramsgate), Frederick J. Mathias (Cardiff), G. D. (St. Leonards-on-Sea), Miss E. Kennett (Ramsgate), Robert Everall

(Plaistow), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Roslyn Johnson (Hampstead), Frank Savage (Ramsgate), Francis Embling (Portsmouth), Gwyn Elton (High Barnet), Charles Whitwell (Wanstead), S. S. Martin (Chicago), D. J. Hickey (Edinburgh), Joyce Jones (Buckhurst Hill), Annie Lee (Manchester), Eva O. Hall (Brooklyn), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), Laura Chichester (Dorking), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), John D. Smith (Milngavie), M. A. Newman (Brighton), N. B. Laughton (Edinburgh), Grace H. Hill (Hampstead), Edmund Howard (London, S.W.), Leo French (Headley), Deepdene (Catford), C. Roy Price (Wellington), Miss E. M. Miniken (London, S.W.), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), B. M. Skeat (Sedbergh), Margaret I. Postgate (Liverpool), S. N. Veitch (Durham), S. J. McCabe (Patricroft), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), Alice Nathan (London, N.W.), E. M. Franks (Brooklyn), L. M. Davis (Enfield), Frances E. Pearce (Hastings), Vera Larminie (Kensington), Dorothy M. Colman (Burgess Hill), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Eva Ridley (Hove), M. A. P. Price (Aston), Miss E. R. Faraday (Manchester), F. Dale (Woodbridge), Celia Duffin (Belfast), W. H. Potter (Taunton), Anna G. Lang (Cardiff), Doris Dean (Bromley), Mildren Marston (Stow-on-the-Wold), Judith Beamsley (Bradford), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), John Boylan (Glasgow), T. A. King (Birmingham), Marjorie Crosbie (Herne), Enid Woolbright (Chelsea), Miss C. E. Ransom (Torquay), M. C. Kennedy (Ranelagh), D. M. Kermode (Coventry), W. H. Hiigel (Indiana), Agnes Dickie (Aberdeen), S. S. (Bournemouth), M. Whitaker (Dewsbury), Dorothy M. Rawcliffe (Wigan), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Miss H. M. Barrow (Hastings), C. M. Lyndsay (Brooklyn), Guy Chester (Penarth), Winifred Seppings (Hove), Esther W. Ayres (New York), Arbel M. Aldous (Hendon), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Miss C. Ritchie (Victoria, Australia), A. M. Williams (Glasgow), Mrs. A. Reith, (Edinburgh.)

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. H. M. Ferguson, of Frognal House, Hampstead, N.W., for the following:

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD. By EDWIN PUGH. (Chapman & Hall.)

"The Bear was faster than the Man,
And beat him by a yard."

HILAIRE BELLOC, *A Moral Alphabet.*

We also select for printing:

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD." By EDWIN PUGH. (Chapman & Hall.)

"As his corse to the ramparts we hurried."

WOLFE, *The Burial of Sir John Moore.*

(Miss Schill, Croston Towers, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.)

WASTE. By GRANVILLE BARKER. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"Some come to take their ease
And sleep an act or two."

SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII.*

(Mrs. Forrest, 34, Glenmore Road, Oxton, Cheshire.)

THE LITTLEST ONE. By Mrs. SIDNEY WEBB. (MARION ST. JOHN ADCOCK.) (Harrap.)

"A voice cried, 'Sleep no more!'"

SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth.*

(T. A. Lindsay, 73, Restalrig Road, Leith, Edinburgh.)

EDUCATIONAL LIGHT WOODWORK. By ADAMS AND ELLIOTT. (Harrap.)

"'I doubt it,' said the Carpenter."

LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland.*

(Mrs. Monk, Pendrea, Truro, Cornwall.)

III.—This Prize for the best six "Don'ts" for competitors in our Lyric competitions is divided, and we are sending TWO NEW BOOKS to Miss Peggy Grant, of Craigellashie, Burley, New Forest, Hants, and TWO NEW BOOKS to Mr. F. J. Popham, Helen Bank, Gasstown, Dumfries, for the following:

DON'T write till you've got something to say—it's much easier to write about nothing than something.
DON'T try to write something that someone else has felt. If you want it to ring true, feel it *yourself*. Get inside it, and let it hurt you.
DON'T send it in unless every line sings; try and remember it is a lyric.
DON'T forget that the most beautiful thought, even if it is poetry, does not sound like it unless it scans.
DON'T write your lyric more than you can possibly help—let it write itself.
DON'T think, unless your work is as perfect as you can contrive to make it, that it is good enough—it isn't.

PEGGY GRANT.

DON'T submit every other form of verse but a lyric; the prize is offered for a lyric.
DON'T write for the sake of the prize, but for the criticism implied by success or non-success.
DON'T assume that the judgment is at fault—it's probably much better than your own.
DON'T despair—it's a sign of incapacity.
DON'T criticise the winning lyric, and say your own is better.
DON'T expect a prize—you probably won't get one.

F. J. POPHAM.

Several of the other lists of "Don'ts" are very good indeed, and we specially commend those sent by John A. Walker (East Sheen), Dorothy H. Malley (Sutton), Monella Mulatier (Dewsbury), F. Dale (Woodbridge), E. Jotham (Port St. Mary), Mary E. Nevin (Belfast), Miss R. Stokoe (Newbury), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Isabel Davies (Liverpool), Reginald P. Connell (Kennington Park), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), George H. Rook (Portsmouth).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Miss Rolanda Hirst, of The Vicarage, Tockwith, York, for the following:

GITANJALI. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. (Macmillan.)

Who is there but would be lifted out of himself upon reading this inspired book of "Song Offerings"—as the author so appropriately styles it—for what are they but oblations? To this Indian poet light and understanding seem to have been abundantly vouchsafed. In one alone of his beautiful songs is found a full conception of the joys of life, in which he himself exults—and yet through all prevails that indescribable capacity for worship, self-sacrifice, and humility peculiar to the Eastern. Granted that much has been lost in translation, we still have left to us a book of devotion and cheer, which, having read, "we tell ourselves that we are the richer by one more beautiful experience."

We also select for printing:

REBELLION: A PLAY IN THREE ACTS. By JOHN DRINKWATER. (Nutt.)

This fine tragedy provokes much thought as to the future of drama. Will blank verse, as a medium, revive? At least we cannot say it is quite dead, with this play before us. Whatever its faults as a play, we cannot but admit that the blank verse has been thoroughly assimilated as a means of expression. We cannot easily imagine this play in prose; both conception and execution are on a large scale. If only Mr. Drinkwater will try to be more literal, more passionate, less austere, and if only he can find a simpler, plainer plot, then . . . *nous verrons!*

(R. W. King, "Deepdene," Catford Hill, S.E.)

POT-POURRI MIXED BY TWO. By Mrs. C. W. EARLE AND Miss ETHEL CASE. (Smith, Elder.)

Another gardening book by Mrs. Earle and Miss Case will certainly be welcomed by all garden lovers; to all those to whom

"A garden is a lovesome thing,"

this book will be both a pleasure and a help, and they will be very grateful to Mrs. Earle that she has again taken the trouble to put her varied knowledge and interests into another gardening book for us to enjoy. Mrs. Earle—who was over sixty years of age when she first began to write books on gardening—certainly proves what gardening can do for those who take it up enthusiastically.

("Toquée," Henrick House, near Newbury, Berks.)

THE NEW ROAD. By NEIL MUNRO. (Blackwood.)

Here, plainly individualised for us at last, is the new Wizard of the North. Ninian Campbell must go down with honour to adventure-loving posterity in the royal company of Rob Roy

Silver, Catriona, and John Splendid. "The New Road" casts a spell over the reader from which he is released only when clever Ninian has ravelled out the tangled hank of mystery, after a hundred hairbreadth escapes; and the breathless succession of thrilling incidents ends with the promise of wedding bells in Inveraray. Mr. Munro makes a romantic of the modern materialist at one stroke. This is a real achievement.

(Hugh W. Strong, 37, Marine Avenue, Whitley Bay, S.O., Northumberland.)

THE REVOLT OF THE ANGELS. By ANATOLE FRANCE. (Lane.)

The theme might furnish a farce for the satirist, a disputation for the theologian, an allegory for the moralist, and a sublime panorama for the poet. M. France is all these at once—his theology is no less profound for being ironical—and so he conveys an apologue of the human spirit, winning freedom by self-knowledge, in a satirical tale of modern life. His angels find themselves in Paris; they make love and commit murders. But the murders are no more serious than the loves, and the light touch of the "prince of prose" turns all to a pleasant laughter.

(Adrian Collins, 14, Warkworth Street, Cambridge.)

THE WORLD SET FREE. By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan.)

"The World Set Free" is not so much fiction as a forecast of a quite improbable future. It has some human interest, but the chief use of the characters is as the vehicles of Mr. Wells' condemnations of war, religious orthodoxy, and civil and international law. On the destructive side the atomic bombs are effective, but the book is weak on the constructive side, and adds little to our knowledge of how to improve a world in which traditions of bondage remain. It is a fragment of Utopian prophesy, and not very helpful if taken seriously.

(Mrs. Frances E. Ashwell Cooke, Brackendale, Lightwood Road, Buxton.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by W. H. Marwick (Edinburgh), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood, S.E.), F. Heathcote Briant (Catford, S.E.), Hugh M. M. Crossan (Stockport), Gertrude M. Elwood (Grimsby), Henry Baxter (Neath), Miss C. E. Ransom (Torquay), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), Mrs. Munro Maunsell (Bray), E. L. E. Bosanquet (Bath), J. Baylan (Glasgow), Mrs. W. J. Macnamara (Dublin), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Glasgow, W.), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Elsie G. Davies (Wolverhampton), D, Lefebvre (Johannesburg, S. Africa), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Miss L. F. Munro (Edmonton, Canada), Katherine M. Buck (Upper Clapton, N.E.), Mrs. Florence Margetts (Northolt), M. Whitaker (Dewsbury), Elsie Codd (Brighton), H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), A. C. Grieve (Everton), Miss E. S. Wright (Tunbridge Wells), and J. L. Hope (Jesmond).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. M. Whitaker, of Ross House, Earl's Heaton, Dewsbury.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

Our last years' Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition proved so remarkably successful that we have decided to offer the same sum for competition again:—

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original lyric.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on any famous event in English history.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach the offices of THE BOOKMAN, *St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the* 1st *October next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the* 1st *December if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.*

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize. Competitors must please keep copies of their poems, as it is impossible to undertake to return them.

The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN *for January next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the others sent in will be published in a Special Supplement to that Number.*

MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

By PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY.

THE condemnation, or at least the disgust, implied in the famous text about the endlessness of book-making, has been applied, by scores of critics, more especially to Histories of English Literature. "Why repeat all these facts?" "What is the good of foisting second-hand opinions on callow youth?" "What do more matured judgments want with *your* opinions at all?" These are questions which have long been familiar—not to mention the carpings of the baser sort. "Why has he put in A?" "Why has he left out B?" and so forth.

Perhaps there is something to be said for and from the point of view of the Accuser. An actual *History* of English literature, giving the maximum of well-ordered fact and necessary argument with the minimum of mere opinion, is a possible and conceivable thing; though it may be admitted, even by adventurers in the quest, that the possible concept has never yet been realised, and is not very soon likely to be. A "Gibbon" of English literature (*absit omen* as to "Decline and Fall!")—something that might want supplementing and occasional correction as new facts or documents turned up, but that would in itself remain substantively unbetterable—this is a fair image, and one no doubt never yet transferred or transformed from imagination to actuality. But it is somewhat churlish and perhaps even more unreasonable to find fault, on the mere score of their endeavour, with those who try to effect the transformation.

In the case, moreover, of the book before us, only part of the usual growl has any relevance. Mr. Mair does not profess to have written a "History" of English Literature, or even of "Modern" English Literature. He calls it (p. 11) an "Essay," and as he usually employs terms with creditable exactness and, while not guilty of bumptiousness, seems to be equally free from the almost

* "Modern English Literature: From Chaucer to the Present Day." By G. H. Mair. (Williams & Norgate.)

Photo by E. O. Hoppé

George A. Birmingham
(Canon James Owen Hannay).

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

more detestable sin of mock modesty, it may be assumed that he means what he says. In other words, it is not so much (if indeed it is this at all) an *account* of English Literature, as it is a *discussion* thereof. As an enlargement of a smaller volume on the same subject it may have undergone (not quite scathless) the risks which students of the subject with long and lively memories will remember as having made themselves felt in Mr. J. R. Green's amplification of his famous book. To persons entirely unacquainted with the subject, or to those desirous to enlarge a very slight acquaintance therewith, a discreet practitioner, whether he had or had not some favourite prescription of his own, would, one suspects, hardly recommend it. It may be doubted whether Mr. Mair himself would.

But there are at the present day two classes—the one of indefinite but probable, the other of definite and certain numbers and characters—by whom this book might be read with very great profit; though the advantage in the first case might be certainly more provisional, and perhaps more perilously conditioned than in the other. On the one hand there exists—as is known, not always in satisfactory ways, to experts—a large if vague class of persons who are honestly trying to benefit by the abundant and cheap reprints of classical literature now provided. These things attract them—their state being in this respect more blessed than that of the much larger multitude who think literature older than last week to be waste paper—but they also puzzle them. The Muses of the past are to them Mrs. Quicklys, whom they do not know where to have; and they want guidance in their suit and pursuit.

On the other hand, whether people like it or not, there is a relatively large number of other and younger persons who are taking up English Literature as a regular study; and who have for some years read in it more or less widely. The general public has, it is believed, a notion that the shepherds of these sheep "grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw" tunes which (and no others) the hapless flock have to learn. This may sometimes be the case: sometimes it certainly is not. And though it can, of course, never be too often insisted that original opinions, formed on original reading, are, if not the only ones of any value at all, those of most value; yet it is not every boy and every girl, of nineteen to twenty-one, who can be strictly original, and perhaps it is not entirely desirable that every one should be so. For the majority certainly, perhaps for all, collections of systematised *aperçus* from intelligent students who have themselves been longer at the mill, are extremely valuable if not indispensable. They give the necessary clash and stimulus of opposite opinions; they group—for better, for worse, but at any rate *differently*—the scattered, and (to the novice) tumultuous and disorderly, facts; they give, as it were, the various trigonometrical observations which help to determine the true position of author and book.

Mr. Mair's volume is excellently qualified to perform such offices. It does not ostentatiously hang out any special banners of system, or mount any cognizance of discipleship—though, perhaps, an expert may discern some signs of classification. But it puts general views of the greater authors, and of the successive periods, in a fashion by no means provocative but sufficiently arresting and stimulant. A few points may be taken up.

A slight fondness for superlatives is not a fatal thing in a rather young writer: but it is not quite good for readers younger still. Chaucer's "Troilus" is a very great performance, and has been more often under- than over-valued. But the criticism which pronounces it "certainly the greatest narrative poem in modern English, as it is the earliest" has not yet learnt "the language of *the centre*." Nor is it, perhaps, quite wise to mention too often in connection with A, B as his "best critic." A procession of bears, each led by a proud monkey, may pass before the eyes of a somewhat Pantagruelian or Hudibrastic mind. But we find a pleasant convalescence from this slightly feverish condition, in the polite common sense with which Mr. Mair (p. 20) handles the notion of "a community sitting round the village fire and evolving a ballad." To say that if it had not been for certain restricting influences in the sixteenth century "English might have been almost as completely latinised as Spanish or Italian" is to say something which a moment's reflection must reveal, even to its author, as rather absurd; one is afraid that Mr. Mair takes far too cheerful a view of things when he says that "Italian vice stopped short of real life" in Elizabethan England; and, perhaps Sackville's stanza beginning:

"Crookbacked he was," etc.

is not what most people would have chosen "to give the reader a taste of the quality" of the noble poem in which it occurs. But it is impossible to be too grateful to him for the equally temperate and forcible fashion in which (p. 46–48) he deals with that strangest of recent fancies—the notion that because you can find some ideas, even some phrases of Elizabethan poetry, in Italian and Spanish and French, the produce of our first great poetical period is merely or mainly or at least in great part imitative literary exercise. This passage, some two pages in length, condemns and exposes this error—an error which does not merely concern the special period, but involves another and a greater one affecting the whole of poetry, and, indeed, the whole of literature—in a masterly way.

There is nothing more to be eschewed in the reviewing of such a book as this than the setting of mere opinion against mere opinion. But on points where evidence is available or argument permissive, difference of conclusion or agreement may be noted. It seems to the present writer that Mr. Mair has estimated Bacon with remarkable thoroughness and success; that he is less happy with Ben Jonson; and that in regard to Sir Thomas Browne he is, in familiar phrase, "not quite *there*"—that he is aware of only a part of the great magician's prodigies. On the difficult question of Classic and Romantic he indites good matter; but one seems to be conscious of a too rapid transition from the Queen Anne men to Johnson, and rather the later Johnson than the earlier, though what he has on Johnson himself, on Burke and on Gibbon is excellent. In fact (and it is natural enough) the process of expansion would seem not to have been quite evenly applied to the original matter.

This sort of "pecking" criticism, however, is unsatisfactory—especially in the case of a book so good as this

is. Let us end with something on two larger points—Mr. Mair's attitude to Tennyson, and that to still later and in part contemporary writers.

Since it became the fashion to belittle a poet who, for combined excellence and long continued exercise of power, has few rivals except his great contemporary—not "superior" please Mr. Mair!—not "inferior," but *other*—it has *been* the fashion; which is much the same as saying that it has been something to be mostly neglected. But Mr. Mair is not negligible, though it is a little unfortunate to find that on p. 238 Browning is "the poet who more than all others represents the essential spirit of his age." and that two pages later the same thing is asserted of Tennyson and even rather paradoxically used *against* him as a proof of his inferiority. But Mr. Mair does not—like the ordinary anti-Tennysonians—talk nonsense or show insensibility to poetic facts. He admits that Tennyson "founded a new poetic diction which has lasted to our own day." He finds in "Maud" "amazing" songs, and in what he thinks the "failure" of the "Idylls" a "magnificent" failure. The earlier "Morte d'Arthur" is "supremely written." And yet he feels and thinks that "we" are "forced to minimise and perhaps dispraise" Tennyson's work. Now it certainly strikes some of "us" that even a poet—even a Trade Union of poets—might be satisfied with such a "minimum wage" of laudatory adjectives as "amazing" "magnificent" and "supreme." Yet Mr. Mair is no mere reckless slinger of ink in praise or blame. When one comes to examine his criticism as a whole it comes to this. Whenever Mr. Mair considers Tennyson *as a poet* he speaks magnificently (and truly) of him; when he begins "to utter foul speeches and to detract" he is speaking (not always untruly) of something not essential to poetry at all. Tennyson "hugs 'honest doubt' with all the certainty of a revelation"; he "registers current and newly accepted ways of thought"; his dealings with science lack inevitableness, etc., etc. This is the kind of way in which people like Leigh Hunt used to talk of Dante. Will Mr. Mair accept the affidavit of a person—not unversed in poetry—who after "beginning with a little aversion" has for more than half a century been a Tennysonian "stalwart"—that the poet's "honest doubt" has always been to that person foolishness; his registering new ways of thought a stumbling-block; and his science a bore? To "us" it matters, and has mattered, never a straw whether the glorious lines in "The Voyage" describe the ways of cyclones correctly or incorrectly; whether "In Memoriam" is orthodox or unorthodox. The point of importance is that the treatment, here and elsewhere, exhibits the "magnificent," the "supreme," the "amazing" poetry which Mr. Mair admits. And so he is of "our" company after all.

John Donne.

From a painting in the Dyce and Foster collection.
From "Modern English Literature," by G. H. Mair (Williams & Norgate).

There is little space left for the other point, and it is, perhaps, one best handled slightly. It concerns the somewhat off-hand fashion in which he dismisses later Victorian writers, and the comparatively large space (for such a book as this) which he gives to contemporaries. His optimism as to the latter may be justified by Time: one has nothing to say against it, whatever one may think. Nor need one return to the "pecking" system: though in the case of Thackeray, as in that of Browne, it may go near to be thought that Mr. Mair has not "found the whole" and so is not quite trustworthy even on parts. By whom "the *literary* qualities of Newman have been perhaps overrated" one would like to know—for it is always nice to know some one who has even "perhaps" achieved the impossible. But if he really means that "when [he] reads Kingsley [he] is conscious of no literary intention" he must have an uncanny blunt spot in his literary consciousness, and requires the attentions of a Hopkins—for which one would be sorry, his book being on the whole a vigorous, a valuable, and a stimulating one.

Notice of two misprints may oblige—as such notice always does oblige an author who is worth his salt. "Relics" in a quotation at the foot of p. 18 should be "rakes." Rakes often become relics, and very dreary and dilapidated relics too; but as such they would make no sense here. The other is at p. 25 where "warning fire" though it would make a kind of sense, should more probably be "waning." The book well deserves an early opportunity for rectification of these.

New Books.

IN A GLASS DARKLY.*

It is twenty years since Edward Garnett, as reader to Mr. Fisher Unwin, came upon the manuscript of "Almayer's Folly," recognised its quality, and gave to it an effectual existence as a printed and published book. Throughout those years discriminating readers have endorsed his judgment; but those who read with vision and illumination are never numerous, and it is only recently that the art of Joseph Conrad has gained the wider acclaim and larger reward which constitute success. New gospels were ever the treasure of the few; great arts come rarely to fruition save in the privacy of a narrow circle; it is the voices in the wilderness, persistent in devotion and conviction, which make ready the way. The world's debt to Conrad is in some measure a debt likewise to Garnett, and to all those faithful ones who knew and said so surely that among us there was one who was a master.

Now, it is a commonplace; Conrad has "arrived." America, which contrary to the usual opinion in this country, reads voraciously and of the best, has discovered him; and here is a book about him, which, we are informed in the preface "has been written both for the students of his work and for those who know nothing about it." For the benefit of the latter class, it contains, within the compass of a single chapter, condensations of Conrad's books and stories; "Lord Jim," with its glamour and charm and colour, goes into less than three and a half pages.

There is a sense, one gathers, in which a primrose by the river's brim is something other than a simple primrose; and my own prime objection to Mr. Richard Curle's study of Joseph Conrad is that Conrad, the author of the books, from "Almayer's Folly" to "Chance," is not enough for him. He is a psychologist, an artist, a figure whose stature is to be measured by that of Henry James or Flaubert, a writer continually in need of elucidation by the critic. This practice of taking an author to pieces in order to look at his mechanism is proper enough to the class-room, where "literature" is a "subject," one learns something at the time that does no harm afterwards; but in the case of Conrad, whom one has either read or will read, it is a disturbance. To a figure which is clear enough as it stands, it lends a false and repellent effect of complexity and difficulty; it does nothing to strengthen and confirm the impression one has already gained for oneself from his books of a spirit infinite in its piety towards all things human, of a creative force all-embracing in its range, of a personality at once modest and dynamic. Of all living or dead authors, Conrad is least adapted to be the subject of a text-book for those who have not read him. The proper, the only study of Conrad is Conrad.

Mr. Curle's preface avows a secondary purpose—"to arouse interest in the greatest and least known of Mr. Conrad's novels, in the marvellous 'Nostromo.'" For Mr. Curle, "Lord Jim" shows serious defects: "its purpose is almost too didactic, and it is a purpose strained to the uttermost"; "'The Secret Agent' suffers, to some extent, from the improbability of its plot"; the action in "An Outcast of the Islands" he considers "too long drawn out"; "'Heart of Darkness' suffers from exaggeration." But "Nostromo" (save for "the confused way in which time is indicated") is without reproach; it stands for Mr. Curle not merely as Conrad's chief claim to fame, but for "one of the most astounding *tours de force* in all literature . . . it is Conrad's genius incarnate" (*sic*). I do not derive from these judgments any sense of a clear standard of criticism applied by Mr. Curle to his author. For all his enthusiasm and his missionary fervour on behalf of those who have not yet read the books which he characterises, the view of "Heart of Darkness" as exaggerated, of "The Secret Agent" as improbable, can only arise from a complete misunderstanding, from applying to the books in question an arbitrary rule-of-thumb of proportion and likelihood. And this is not criticism. These barbs of blame, planted like banderillas at fortuitous points in a body of great literature, are of no profit; they have, in their laconic terseness, an effect of having been darted from an Olympian judgment-seat, condemnations from which there is no appeal. They will not serve at all to aid the timid spirit, shivering on the brink of reading Conrad for himself, to take the plunge and borrow a copy.

It is fair to note, however, that when Mr. Curle relaxes from the attitudes of a judge, his admiration for Conrad's work is genuine and whole-hearted. It is natural to him to pick and botanise, but he has a love of flowers, none the less. He remarks, shrewdly and justly, upon Conrad's success in drawing old men. "He has caught, better than anyone I know, the set attitude and the aloofness, that air of living in the past, which is the very breath of old age." Of Conrad's women he observes that "his women portraits are the most finished, delicate and poignant of all his portraits." Mrs. Gould, of course, rather pre-occupies him, since she belongs to the pages of "Nostromo," but he does not overlook Winnie Verloc in the "improbable" "Secret Agent," nor the utterly moving and heroic figure of Winnie Verloc's mother. Of Conrad's prose he is critical but admiring:

> "His music is not the mere enlargement of older English strains, it is a new music altogether—the romantic, mysterious and thrilling music of another race. There is a Latin, harp-like rhythm about Conrad's prose which is intensely individual. . . . There is no doubt that Conrad's earlier prose is more immediately stimulating—and, indeed, there are individual passages in it which are actually his finest things—but his later prose is undoubtedly a subtler achievement. . . . His earlier prose is sometimes uncertain, sometimes exaggerated, but his later prose has the uniform temper of absolute mastery."

But, then:

> "It is in "Nostromo" that the originality of Conrad's style appears most unique (*sic*) and most unapproachable. For it has neither the mannerism of the earlier books nor the attitude of the later ones. No, it is like a river flowing calmly," etc., etc.

In his opening chapter Mr. Curle remarks that it is in talk that modern writers are best and most illuminatingly discussed. That is true. A writer who is not *felt*, whose work is not the intimate and pressing concern of his readers, may be put aside for articles in reviews and critical studies; his affair can wait. Conrad's cannot. To have read a book by him is to have had an adventure; and the just word upon it emerges only in the interchange of men who have undergone the experience and bear upon their minds and in their memories the marks of it.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

* "Joseph Conrad: A Study," by Richard Curle. 7s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

DEVON FOLK TALES.*

The last of Mr. Eden Phillpotts' Dartmoor work! One may avow without blushes a despairing admiration of the rare kind of author who, with a proper zest for life's variety, can devote himself to one long task and then say: "It is finished." Mr. Phillpotts has, by common consent, done Dartmoor and its people so very well that the end of his task will be much regretted. It will be regretted the more because of this collection of short tales. There is (what the age has little use for but his readers value) a vast fund of practical sagacity in them. "They scarcely fire the blood," says a probably young reviewer in a daily contemporary; but the art of life prizes a ripe and easy humour. I have called them folk tales, for it seems to me that the name belongs to them more justly than it does to nursery fictions. Have we not reached a stage

* "The Judge's Chair." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Murray.)

of civilisation when the *genre* story, as one finds it here and as I know it in Yorkshire and believe it to be current throughout rural England—the best fruit of humorous gossip, of the proper study of mankind — may be taken among the English people to be characteristic? I believe there is only one reason why it is not—namely, the wretched lack of leisure and culture that prevents immense bodies of the English people from becoming as good readers as they are listeners and talkers. With any decent life for country folk we should have had a demand for such literature that must have rated it.

There is a great store of material for it, deplorably unworked. Our run of story-books may be very fine, but it ignores the folk-wisdom of England. Some years ago there was a little of this retrieved by the Kailyarders, and it was the salt of what they gave us. A factitious sentiment marred their artistry, and killed the Kailyard School; which was a great pity. But those writers were not producing for the class they pictured. Nothing held them to the truth. It is the heroic merit of Mr. Phillpotts that he has stuck to the truth as he sees it, for its own sake. The same may be said of Thomas Hardy and some others, living and dead. I cannot speak of what the Kailyard School might have been, and was not, without naming the disastrous death of George Douglas, though his "House with the Green Shutters" lacked the sane and sunny humour of the folk. Hardy lacks it too, for that matter. But in the long run, if things had been propitious, this humour would inevitably have been the test of a true folk literature. Here it is in "The Judge's Chair." Moreover, such a literature would have saved the short story in this country, where it is now a thing so trivial, pretentious and unliterary, that we have to be ashamed of our magazines. The short story of real life is a natural English product without a market. We are fobbed off with "shop goods." Thus it happens that I, for one, have read Mr. Phillpotts' book with unqualified pleasure.

Its title indicates the critical point of view proper to such a school of writing. The original narrator of the stories is an old moorman, ripe with knowledge of life, which has "imparted a jovial aroma to his mind," and makes him "tell even a sad story with a twinkle, in a philosophic and ironic spirit." He has all his life been judging the world about him kindly, though with a shrewd and faithful eye. His tales are about the way that men and maidens love, and married people quarrel, and all the common aims and qualities of human nature that make comedy. They are infinitely diverting. As for the homely wisdom in them, it lies in the moorman's point of view even more than in quaint sayings. But I wish there were space to quote him:

"Your red women generally be tidy, particular creatures; but you'll find oft enough that if cleanliness be next to godliness o' one side, 'tis close kin with a devil of a temper on t'other." "I will say he knew his luck, which is a rare branch of knowledge." "If everybody who gets their liver go wrong and dies of it is to have the set-out in Heaven that Jane have planned, then 'twill take a pretty fair bite out of New Jerusalem, in my opinion. She've got an idea that her mansion up aloft won't stand in less than fifty acres."

The book is full of honest country laughter. To me it seems that Mr. Phillpotts hits his best perspective with old Tom Caunter and Billy Turtle.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

THE AUTHOR OF "NIGHT THOUGHTS."*

Among those readers to whom it made appeal, and in the hey-day of its popularity, few poems could compete in attractiveness with Young's "Night Thoughts." Its fame, moreover, was not confined to this country, but extended far beyond its boundaries, and it is claimed for the poem that it has been translated into "practically every European language." We have Coleridge's authority for the statement that of the three most popular books in the German language one was the translation of Young's "Night Thoughts," which proud position it shared with Hervey's "Meditations" and Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe." How are the mighty fallen! Who reads Young nowadays? The lover of poetry might possibly read a considerable portion of the poem, say, the first "Night" or so, and might do so with no little pleasure and satisfaction; to compass the whole nine "Nights"—for there are nine of them—with sustained interest would be incredible. He might as a self-imposed task plod his weary way through the lengthy dolorous tract to the last line; but one would not wish to be within ear-shot of him at the finish. Some works there may be which "Christianise every discordant angry passion." The poem in question is most certainly not one of them. Not that there are no merits in it. Far otherwise. There are many—very many—fine lines in the "Night Thoughts," and the foregoing comment must be understood as referring to the poem as a whole. It would be no very difficult undertaking to compile a Young anthology which could not fail to give intense pleasure to the reader, and at the same time render a real service to the poet's genius. Johnson's pronouncement that Young was a genius and a poet may still be accepted as an undoubted fact. Coleridge is stated to have said that there were parts in Young which must be immortal, and it is further recorded of him that "he loved to read a page of Young, and walk out to think of him." Moreover, in emending the last two lines of a sonnet written by Lamb,

"How Reason reel'd! What gloomy transports rose!
Till the rude dashings rock'd them to repose,"

Coleridge clearly plagiarized Young's "How Reason Reels." This indebtedness to the "Night Thoughts" was unnoticed by Lamb as well as by the latter's commentators. Lamb appears to have been not unacquainted with Young, for, commenting on an expression in Coleridge's "Religious Musings" he asks, "Is not that thought and those words in Young, 'Stands in the Sun'? or is it only such as Young in one of his *better moments* might have writ?" Possibly Lamb may have had in his mind a line in Night VII., "A Christian dwells, like Uriel, in the Sun." And, certainly, Lamb himself borrows from Young. The apostrophe "O ye *Matravises* of the age" in "Rosamund Gray," must be more than a coincidence, when we remember Young's "O ye Lorenzos of our age!" More especially when it is noted that the word "Matravises" is italicised.

Edward Young: D.C.L.

From "Life and Letters of Edward Young, by H. C. Shelley. (Pitman).

There is a reference to Young in the "Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers" perhaps worthy of citation: "In my youthful days Young's 'Night Thoughts' was a very favourite book, especially with ladies: I knew more than one lady who had a copy of it in which particular passages were marked for her by some popular preacher. Young's poem, 'The Last Day,' contains, amidst much absurdity, several very fine lines: what an *enormous* thought is this!

'Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one Empire 'Fall,' another 'Stand,'
Whose rear lay rapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on.'"

If Young's muse had kept at that high level of imaginative thought, the iniquity of oblivion would in vain have scattered her poppies.

* "Life and Letters of Edward Young." By H. C. Shelley. 12s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

Mr. Shelley's object in writing the present work does not appear to have been to demonstrate that Young is undeservedly neglected or, rather, ignored, but, incidentally, to show that some misconceptions as to his character are unjust, and, primarily, to make use of a considerable number of letters written by the poet which have lately been discovered. These letters were principally written to the Duchess of Portland, whose patent of immortality is assured by reason of "dear Matt. Prior's" exquisite and unforgettable lines written to her when a child of five years old. She was his "noble, lovely, little Peggie," the daughter of his friend and patron, Robert Hanley, Earl of Oxford. It is claimed for these letters that they "will substantiate the assertion of Lord Jeffrey that Young was not only as 'devout' and as 'merry' as Cowper, but 'undoubtedly more witty.'" It is difficult, nay, impossible to agree with such a verdict or to come within a measureable distance of such an appraisement. Cowper will, one is inclined to believe, remain for all time one of the best letter writers in the language. Whether he is *the* best epistolar is a debatable point. There is one, "there in the back-ground," by name Charles Lamb, to whom the present writer's allegiance has for years been given, and it would be a difficult matter to shake or undermine that allegiance. But that is merely a personal affair and as such, of course, not binding on others.

After much cogitation, the following is selected as a specimen of Young's "epistolary matter" at its best (the writer has returned to his own roof, towards the close of the year 1745, after a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland at their county house at Bulstrode, and gives a few details of the incidents on the homeward journey):

"I rid very hard, and got hence by three of the clock, which you know, Madam, is dinner-time. My maid told me she was glad I came so opportunely, for by that means she thought verily she could provide me a dinner again the next day. I suppose the wench had heard I eat six times a day at Bulstrode, and was balancing the account, nor was this the sole felicity of my journey. My man was ill of a fever; therefore, when we came to St. Albans, he desired I would stop a minute, that he might take something, being ill; and as he said he thought his blood was much inflamed, I stopped, and left him the liberty of having what he pleased; on which he drank half a pint of hot brandy; then we put on apace, and by the time we had ride four miles, his horse stumbled, though it was the rider drank the brandy. On the jolt, Tom waked, and cried: 'Sir, I have dropped the bag!' I was in a passion at his negligence, and told him I should have nothing for dinner. 'No, Sir,' says he, with great joy, 'the venison is here; I only have dropped your leather bags.' Now, Madam, in those bags were nought but my shirts, wigs, shoes, razors, etc.; in short, my whole travelling estate. On being a little disgusted even at that loss, he told me, to be sure somebody must pick it up, and no doubt would bring it after us; and then trotted on with great tranquillity of mind. Whilst I was considering how I should best manage the handle of my whip to knock him off his horse, and leave him to be picked up by the next comer, with my bags, a servant from my, and your Grace's, honest landlord at the 'Red Lion' overtook me with what was lost; which was left on a horse block in his inn-yard. Now judge, Madam, if I stand in need of highlanders in order to be undone. How long it may be before they strip me of my shirt which I so happily recovered, Heaven only knows."

It must be admitted that the bulk of the correspondence does not contain many letters of so humorous a quality. Here and there we come across delightful pleasantries such as: "On Saturday I waited on my Lady Oxford (Mother of the Duchess of Portland) to thank her for bringing you into the world." But, truth to tell, they are not very numerous.

Mr. Shelley makes a somewhat foolish and amateurish comment on George Eliot's fine criticism of Young in her brilliant *Westminster Review* article—"Worldliness and Other-worldliness"—in which she compares him unfavourably with Cowper.

Young was undoubtedly a very worldly-minded cleric—generally, if not invariably, on the look-out for the main chance—and Mr. Shelley's special pleading is not altogether convincing, although he has corrected one or two of the unjust, perverse and prejudiced mis-statements of the Rev. Sir Herbert Croft, which appeared in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

WHITELAW REID'S ESSAYS.*

These two very handsome volumes contain a large and various selection from the writings of the late Ambassador of the United States of America in England. Some are reprinted from reviews, others were delivered as lectures and addresses before University and other audiences. Their range may be seen from their themes. We may cite those on "The Rise of the United States," "The Danger Point in Immigration," "Problems Flowing from the Spanish-American War"; on Education in America and England; on Lincoln, Jefferson, Edmund Burke, Byron, Talleyrand. One that may prove of especial interest at the moment deals with the Scot in America, and the Ulster Scot. Between 1730 and 1770 Mr. Reid tells us there were at least half a million Ulstermen in the Colonies, and at the time of the Revolution they formed one-sixth of the total population. And the Scots and the Ulstermen were the backbone of the Revolution. He tells us what few of us knew or remembered, that the original Bunker's Hill is close outside Belfast. The name is probably a corruption of Brunker's Hill. Captain Brunker was an officer who came to Ulster with Essex in 1572, and received a grant of land in Antrim. The essays on Lincoln and Jefferson are most interesting; they are written from a great knowledge and out of a wise understanding. Indeed, the essays that are concerned with American politics and affairs are excellent, full of balanced sense, and sanity of view. The essay on Byron is interesting, too, in another way. The writer's criticism is that of a plain man, a man of sense and judgment, but emphatically not a man of letters. He attributes Byron's lessened fame to the fact that he was "perpetually in revolt. His work is the literature of revolt, and, for the most part, of unwise and unsuccessful revolt." He calls "Childe Harold" his highwater mark, but has not a word to say of "Don Juan." Somewhere he calls Poe's definition of poetry as *the rhythmic creation of beauty* "a ghastly creed." Perhaps, in some ways, the best and most interesting of all are the essays on journalism. Mr. Reid knew all about the American Press since the mid-Victorian days, and watched its development, which he describes with rapid insight, and with enjoyment that is fully shared by the reader. He has much that is wise and much that is acute to say of the tendencies, duties, and opportunities of modern journalism. It is pleasant to find that, with his high ideals, he admires the London Press. Throughout the two volumes Mr. Reid's disinterested way of approaching problems, and his intellectual honesty and scrupulousness, are the most distinguishing features, and these are so valuable that we must look forward eagerly to the publication of the biography which is now in preparation.

F. M. A.

THE NEW ROAD.†

In "The New Road," Mr. Neil Munro takes the old path through the romantic Highlands, trodden by the heroes of Scott, and by Allen Breck and David Balfour in more recent times. There is more of Stevenson than of Scott in the new Highland romance. In fact, Mr. Munro has won to the position that many tried to gain, and now stands forth bravely as the legitimate successor to the author of "Kidnapped." It need scarcely be said that Mr. Munro is no imitator. He has a marked originality alike in dictation and in spirit, and his subject-matter is fresh and interesting. Unlike both Scott and Stevenson, he is not concerned in the least about the Lowland Scot. It is the Gael of the mountains and the outer islands who is the unique object of interest to the author of the "Lost Pibroch"; and in his new romance, he takes the Highlander in the days of his glory, before the power of the clans was broken on Culloden Moor. When the story opens,

* "The Collected Essays of Whitelaw Reid." 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Smith, Elder).

† "The New Road." By Neil Munro. (Blackwood). 6s.

Wade is building "The New Road," running northwards from Stirling and opening the country for the first time in history to the influences of civilisation. The clansmen are moody and restless; for they see that the road is an instrument of domination, along which an army with guns can move and defeat the clans in detail. So the Highlanders are rapidly arming in preparation for the wild, splendid raid, which was to carry them as far as Derby.

Such is the fine background to the adventures of young Mr. Macmaster and his more experienced companion, Ninian Campbell. Both of them take General Wade's road to the north, in order to carry out a little matter of business; but they find that the road is blocked to them by a watch of Highlanders, and they get into a tangle of adventures, told with a brilliance, zest and picturesqueness that recall Stevenson at his best. The language is a pure delight; it is often true Gaelic eloquence expressed in fine English, somewhat in the way that Synge turned the eloquence of the Irish Gael into the finest prose of our day. There are no set descriptions of scenery, but the spirit of the wild, misty wooded heights is subtly conveyed in the course of the story, together with a vivid impression of the ordinary life of the Highlander in the last days of his glory.

It is quite the best piece of work that Mr. Neil Munro has yet done. More than loving study of the history of his race and fine careful craftsmanship have gone to its making. In it are life and inspiration, such as occurred in gleams in some of Mr. Munro's early Highland short stories. For some years he has been trying to develop himself from a writer of fine, uncertain, lyrical genius into a writer with the epic qualities of prose narrative art. In most cases his longer works have still only been lighted by gleams of the true fire. They were charming, workmanlike, distinguished efforts, but they wanted that broad illumination and sustained power of narrative, with a *crescendo* movement, necessary in the best kind of long novel.

In "The New Road" he has won the fuller inspiration. He is now one of the chief writers of the modern romantic school—perhaps indeed the chief.

SOME FRENCH BOOKS.*

For some time we have had reason to bless the enterprise of certain publishers who have turned their attention to French literature, which is—apart from poetry—the greatest of all literatures of the West. The cheap cloth-bound volumes which are now coming from the press are in every way more desirable than the familiar yellow-back, that is, if we put on one side the delightful associations of the latter. And no doubt there are a number of French writers whom it is undesirable to read in any form other than that of their native land. In defence of the paper-back it is often urged that if you care for any particular volume you can have it bound in any style and colour that you please, but this appears to be a weak excuse, since it is surely preferable to have a book in the cover which its author, however misguided he may have been, prefers; and if the author has, on account of death or other reasons, left the choice to his publisher's discretion, then it is more than likely that we should not have turned it out so well ourselves. The readers of French literature in England are vastly on the increase, owing to a great extent to Anatole France, whose books are not available except in paper covers, and it is all to the good that these facilities in the way of price and binding should be afforded us. Anatole Le Braz is in a peculiar position; he has been already in part translated into English, but he is not so popular among us as is Pierre Loti, whose Breton work his own resembles. Loti has also been in part translated, but one ventures to think that this was a mistake, since so perfect and delicate a stylist loses so enormously in the process. Le Braz devotes himself largely to the simple life and death of Bretons; their folk-lore and their voyages to Iceland find in him a devoted chronicler. He does not pay so much unceasing attention to the word as does Loti, and therefore he can better be translated. "Pâques d'Islande" reminds one over and over again of "Pêcheur d'Islande," and not always to the advantage of the latter. Both books are in the nature of the case somewhat sentimental, but the human pyschology is in Le Braz more satisfying. His volume contains several studies in addition to the pathetic tale of Guillaume Kerello, which tale, by the way, must cause us—and Messieurs Loti and Le Braz—to congratulate ourselves that Joseph Conrad chose to become an English and not a French writer; anyone to whom Brittany, the real Brittany of mist and rocks and furze and loneliness and ancient things, is dear will turn with pleasure to these other tales of Le Braz. Of course, in Balzac's "Les Chouans" we receive a tremendously vivid impression of the Brittany of the revolutionary period, and Brittany is one of the homes of lost causes. The grandeur of Balzac is to one reader at any rate more wonderful in his shorter stories; there is nothing here to rival the "Atheist's Mass," but on the other hand the chain, as it were, of episodes is more to one's taste than a long, more orthodox story. Before the publication of this volume of Charles Nodier's work it may be doubted whether he was at all well known in this country. One can describe him shortly as a curious and curiously interesting product of the nineteenth century. He is much concerned with the architecture of his tales, and the tales themselves abound in ideas. How different he is from Flaubert may be seen from the remark: "Comme il faut une moralité aux contes les plus vulgaires, vous ne me défendez pas, messieurs, d'en attacher une à celui-ci . . ." but he is on the side of ourselves and the angels when he sums up the tale of Hélène Gillet with the words: "Il ne faut tuer personne. Il ne faut pas tuer ceux qui tuent. Il ne faut pas tuer le bourreau! Les lois d'homicide, il faut les tuer! . . ." This story of Hélène Gillet is very interesting, but the pathos is not so heart-breaking—it is more shattering—than that of "Un Cœur Simple." The remaining two volumes before me have introductions by personages no less eminent than Faguet and Bourget. The charm of La Fontaine, more than 500 pages of charm and edification and memories and no Doré pictures—what more can you demand for tenpence? And whatever one may think of Bourget's later work, there is no one to whom we would listen more readily when the subject is psychological and removed from to-day's arena. "Adolphe" is anyhow a book that one has to read, with pleasure.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

* "Pâques d'Islande," by Anatole Le Braz; and "Les Chouans," by H. de Balzac. 1s. net each. (Nelson.)
"Contes Fantastiques," by Charles Nodier, and "Adolphe," by Benjamin Constant. 1s. net each. (Dent.)
"Fables." By La Fontaine. 10d. net. (Nelson.)

THE THEORY OF POETRY IN ENGLAND.*

At the beginning of his admirably lucid preface Prof. R. P. Cowl announces that his book is intended for the use of students of English poetry and criticism. "Student" must here have no restricted interpretation, for this collection of authoritative documents, expository and critical, should certainly claim the attention of all readers of poetry, whose judgment does not stop short with the appeal to Molière's maid. The publication of this book is opportune. No one in these days demands a return in criticism to the Johnsonian frame of mind, or to a measurement of poetry by "the indispensable laws of Aristotelian criticism."

Nevertheless, soundness and sanity of judgment on modern poetry commence only with the recollection of

* "The Theory of Poetry in England." (Its Development in Doctrines and Ideas from the Sixteenth Century to the Nineteenth Century). By R. P. Cowl. M.A. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

past theories, and increase in strength and sureness when the æsthetic principles and critical standards of previous centuries are thoroughly understood.

Prof. Cowl's book is not a collection of *obiter dicta*, and the opinions of individual writers have throughout been subordinated to the presentation in detail of the general evolution of poetic theory in England during the three most prolific centuries in our literature. Thus it is possible to trace not only the evolution and development of the theory of poetry, but to watch throughout three centuries of exposition and criticism the oscillation of theory between the poles of Classicism and Romanticism. For this reason the volume claims the attention of all literary historians. Too little work has been done on the study of poetry from the point of view of theory. In the past, ample justice has been given to that kind of criticism which finds in poetry the utterance of the finest spirit of the age, and of the nation's life: we are weary of criticism which pillages the lives of famous authors to interpret their work. Dryden's apostasies, Pope's quarrels with Addison, Johnson's splendid and overmastering dictatorship, Byron's "Childe Haroldism," how threadbare do these themes tend to become! But it is not too much to say that the most fresh and valuable work that remains to be done by literary historians, lies in the re-examination and reconsideration of those critical documents, which, in practically every period of our literature, manifest the alliance of poetic practice with poetic theory, and demonstrate the constant interplay of creative and critical work.

From the point of view presented by Prof. Cowl's book, the study of poetry ceases to be a matter of "Ages." Doubtless the old convenient classifications—the Age of Dryden, the Age of Pope, the Age of Wordsworth—will always convey to the mind of the reader the salient features of the period, but this study of critical doctrines, this tracing, with wide and patient scholarship, the ebb and flow of the tides of Classicism and Romanticism renders any sharp division of English poetry into epochs a matter of difficulty.

As the author points out in his preface, the two great conflicting theories arrived in embryo from Italy in the sixteenth century. For a time tentative efforts were made to combine the cardinal doctrines of both theories, but under the influence of the seventeenth-century French Classical School, Neo-Classicism freed itself, and gradually approached its period of authority about the middle of the eighteenth century. Yet its sovereignty in poetry was far from being absolute. The narrow, intensely logical mind of a critic like Boileau applied seemingly without question or thought of compromise the rules and "kinds" of classical poetry and criticism to French poetry. English critics were less orthodox: there never was in England any "root and branch" allegiance in criticism to the tenets of Aristotle or Horace.

What is true of Neo-Classicism with respect to its development is equally true of Romanticism. It made no sudden and decisive challenge to Neo-Classical critics: its heresies at first were very mild. The real assault began with the vindication of "Gothic" poetry. "Judge of the 'Fairy Queen,'" writes Hurd in 1762, "by the classic models, and you are shocked with its disorder: consider it with an eye to its Gothic original, and you find it regular. The unity and simplicity of the former are more complete; but the latter has that sort of unity and simplicity which results from its nature." This marks the way of liberation for Romanticism, and from this it proceeds by gradual steps to the assertion of the principle of freedom for all poetry from the bondage of formal law, and to the elaboration of theories of imagination and inspiration, which were in accord with the transcendental tendencies of the early nineteenth century.

This summary, necessarily brief and sketchy, conveys no adequate idea of the complex nature of these theories, nor of the labour involved in marshalling an unwieldy mass of evidence towards a precise and definite elucidation of doctrine. The author is to be congratulated on the freshness of his material, particularly for the study of eighteenth-century poetry. The impressionistic and interpretative criticism of the Romantic School is sufficiently well known; its inherent attractiveness makes the practice of it permanent. But the Augustan Age of English poetry continues to suffer from the vagueness of its exponents. To say that eighteenth-century poets opposed Art to Nature, that they followed the ancients, that their ideals were circumscribed by the desire for urbanity, common sense, and the subordination of inspiration and enthusiasm to reason, is merely to touch the fringes of the subject. The only real means to the solution of "the riddle of the eighteenth century" is to go back to Neo-Classical theories, propounded in detail, and conscientiously followed. To this end, Prof. Cowl's book is invaluable. What exactly the Augustans took from the Aristotelian doctrine of poetry as a mimetic art, what they meant by the phrase "Follow Nature," what the word "Nature" itself meant to them, and for what reasons they modelled their work on the poetry of antiquity, all these questions are handled with precision and distinction. In the making of this volume, Prof. Cowl's fine and competent scholarship has had full scope: the result is a real contribution to the history of English poetry.

JOHN R. PEDDIE.

"VANDOVER AND THE BRUTE."*

It is with a feeling of doubt and hesitation, a sense as of drawn blinds and a hushed chamber, that one approaches the posthumous work of a powerful artist: a sense moreover of taking him, as it were, at a disadvantage. For he left his picture upon the easel, perhaps even turned face-to-wall, awaiting the last scumbles, the final fusing that comes of a vision cleared and refreshed by abstention; yet we view it, framed, hung in a strong gallery light, as a thing upon which the artist—in reality robbed by death of that needed privilege—has presumably pronounced his conclusive "Yes."

"Vandover and the Brute"—the fiercely unflinching title gives an instant key to the work of an unflinching Realist, one vowed to the task of tearing the very entrails from his subject. In effect its dominant idea has not merely possessed, it has obsessed him. To peruse the book is to be something more than a reader: rather is it to become the thrilled spectator of an arena-battle, fought to its whelming finish between Vandover and the Brute within him. There are no light interludes of pageantry, or even of the deadly-delicate *retiarius* and *secutor* type. Sensual Brute and feebly striving Man are at grips, from first to last, upon the blood-stained sand.

We see Vandover first scratched, as a mere boy, by the Brute; clawed afresh, though not vitally, as a Harvard sophomore. The San Francisco life opens, thanks to the saving grace of his artistic talent, more hopefully. But there is hardly stuff enough in Vandover for art to take root in: he is pleasant, sybaritic, fleshly; a man to feed on chocolate creams while soaking himself by the hour in luxurious hot-baths. His society, mainly that of unclassed women, is diluted by the company of his two college chums. Of these Haight, the sweet-natured, is too negative to be influential; Geary, clever and capable, is morally as rotten as himself: a self-consequential "bounder," moreover, the iteration of whose little tags wears, like the insistent display of Mr. Carker's teeth, upon the reader's nerves. Nevertheless this odious Geary stands forth, later, a genuine creation, of vital import to the story.

In Chapter IV. the Brute, using the alcoholic paw, knocks Vandover out of time. Soon the sensual paw strikes him down; and the suicide of his victim, Ida Wade—the first of several vividly marked accents in the big picture—scores him deeply. The subsequent confession to his father is at once dramatic and finely human. The *Mazatlan* passage issues in a *dénouement* ghastly in its details—*e.g.*, the wretched Jew's death—but of sustained power. The ship's death is realism at its best and soundest.

* "Vandover and the Brute." By Frank Norris. 6s. (Heinemann.)

. . . "The *Mazatlan* rose out of a ring of foam . . . the screw writhing its flanges into the air like some enormous starfish already fastened upon the hulk."

After the death of his father Vandover has a brief uplifting; to be followed by the double crash of his social ostracism and total loss of executive faculty in art: the latter, perhaps, conjoined with the subsequent gambling craze, a somewhat too obviously built up Nemesis. But if this be a fault, the author mitigates it by a subtly-managed insertion of the Geary oar. Geary, with absolute truth to his now developed character, completes the ruin of his old chum. And so we behold at length the maudlin wreck of a once-man crawling naked about rooms, barking like a dog. Beyond doubt a weaker artist must have consummated such a *débâcle* with a death-scene: Frank Norris keeps a more poignantly ironic tragedy for his "curtain." What a mordant, what a trenchant yet true and terrible picture is that of the whining, half-starved, still brute-ridden creature cleaning out the filthy cottage under Geary's orders!

Is, or is not, the doom of poor Haight an artistic blemish that the author, had he lived, would have expunged? The point is arguable; but to the present writer that second tragedy seems a stultification of the central position. For surely the whole work is a stern exposition of the thesis: "Give way to the brute within you, and he'll wreck you body and soul"; and does not Haight's doom involve the shattering rider, "But live straight and cleanly, and the gods will wreck you all the same?" Perhaps Zola, Flaubert, Maupassant would have sacrificed Haight—would not Balzac have spared him?

HAROLD VALLINGS.

Alfred Edward Chalon, R.A.

Drawn by G. R. Ward from the portrait by J. J. Chalon, R.A.
From "Unpublished Letters by Lady Bulwer Lytton to A. E. Chalon" (Eveleigh Nash).

THE FANATIC OF HER FEELINGS.*

When someone remarked, in platitude, to the wit Luttrell that there was nothing new under the sun, "No, nor under the grandson either," was the smart reply. Termagants born, and the tyrants who manufacture them, are always with us, while the very distempers of the distinguished will serve to stimulate interest. But one may have too much of a bad thing. The sorry, if spiced, story unfolded in this fresh series of Lady Lytton's woes and *mots* is emphatically an old one—though there is certainly captivation in her style. By this time of day there are now few dark places in this desolate ruin to explain or explore. Again we watch those fierce and sometimes sordid encounters between the spitfire beauty and the dandy despot, whose laced, frilled, favourite shirt we now learn that she went remorselessly and burned. Again we catch her hysterical, rabid, indiscriminate onslaughts on all the world (and especially his wife)—on everyone in the remotest degree allied to "Sir Liar Coward," as she gently termed him. Again she rails at all that she held responsible—except herself and that better self that might much oftener have been. And, on the other hand, once more we are treated to the worst self of the strange, proud man whom even when most meaning to melt she somehow most fatally incensed. So goaded do we see him by her "cheek" that he once actually—if the pun may be pardoned—*bit* a piece out of it. True, this exceptional proceeding horrified him next morning, and prompted a touching apology—hardly grateful, however, to inflammation. True, no one else's cheek—nor hers, of course—did he ever bite again. None the less, geniuses—and geniuses who are also gentlemen—do not, as a rule, so indulge their feelings, whatever the provocation. The calamities and quarrels of authors, the wrangles of shrews and sultans, the furies of Xantippe, Catherine in Shakespeare and Russia, Henry the Eighth, and Lord Byron, the human hysterics of austere Carlyle—all these, and their like, pale into insignificance compared with the hammer-and-tongs existence of the passionate celebrity and the *belle* with the piercing tongue. The word "tongs" seems especially fitting. I have been told by one who still remembers a neighbour of the ill-starred couple in the early thirties, that he used to hear them at midnight bitterly fighting with the fire-irons. Underneath all that double brilliance lies a bitter tragedy—life withered by an utter lack of self-control. Lady Lytton could be charming—in the April weather of their earliest association, *was* so, and, indeed, only became unbearable by hugging her grievances till with them she strangled charity also. She herself took for her plea those terrible words of Queen Constance:

> ". . . Lacking my wrong,
> No other tongue hath power to curse him right."

She gradually lost, or impaired by the monotony of hate, Byron's:

> "That sarcastic levity of tongue,
> The stinging of a heart the world has stung."

until, like Dido in "Virgil," she showed only too clearly, "What woman's fury does and dares." But, at all times, she was ungovernable; nor was any deep tenderness, it would seem, an undercurrent of her quick exuberance. Her nature had been warped by her upbringing, possibly by her heritage. She was, in truth, the fanatic of her feelings. Had she begun to-day, who can doubt that she would have been a "Militant," and a shrew into the bargain. Her temper and temperament danced a "ragtime" long before the American negro supplied the market.

Most will recall the outlines of her story. Born in 1802, in an old family house, as ramshackle and rambling as the family, the daughter of one of Lever's typical squires and of a Doyle whose father was an archdeacon, and whose grandfather was Lord Massey, Rosina Wheeler entered an improvident world in an improvident way. She saw less and less of her parents. Her mother gradually

* "Unpublished Letters of Lady Bulwer Lytton to A. E. Chalon, R.A. With an Introduction and Notes by S. K. Ellis. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

drifted abroad, where she lived among "Socialists" and Bohemians. At ten years of age the child was brought up and cared for by her great-uncle, the Sir John Doyle who was Governor of Guernsey. Thence, with him, she removed to London in 1816. Clever, audacious, unbridled, she startled a society at once rakish and prudish, by going out unchaperoned to luncheons. She took up with a set at once clever and ill regulated. "L. E. L." (Disraeli's "The Sappho of Brompton") was her friend, though afterwards she denounced her. Lady Caroline Lamb (Lady Melbourne), Byron's familiar yet persecuting spirit, fresh from one of those flirtations always indispensable to her—this time with young Edward Bulwer, still at Cambridge—took up the brilliant young Irishwoman, and brought them together at Brocket.* Twice, Lady Lytton maintains, he proposed, and was refused. But, at any rate, she fell violently in love with the well-born, gifted, and fascinating young man. He sympathised with the beauty and talent which seemed so forlorn and neglected. Unhappily a *liaison* was established that made marriage imperative. Bulwer Lytton's mother abhorred the match, which she foresaw rested on no firm foundation. But, in April, 1826, they were married. In April, 1836, after the birth of two children, and a thousand scenes, reconciliations and re-embitterments, after, too, a series of expensive residences with stately parks and costly gardens extravagantly over their immediate resources, after his hard and wonderfully remunerative work to support her whom, for the first years, he recognised as "an incomparable wife," they definitely parted. She travelled abroad. She wrote stinging satires and clever books. These were but links in the chain of a long series of hatreds and suspicions and accusations, culminating in open attempts to hurt his career, and his efforts to counteract them, sometimes, it would seem, with small compunction as to the means. She retired to Llangollen, and to Taunton, always reviling and threatening him. Suddenly she appeared at his Hertford Election. He got her shut up (he was then a Cabinet Minister) in a Brentford *maison-de-santé*. After many sad vicissitudes she died in March, 1882, at Sydenham.

Before their marriage he had solemnly warned her against himself, and a passage from a diary of hers in 1835 accentuates the minor key:

"What a life mine has been! A sunless childhood; a flowerless youth; and certainly a fruitless womanhood. . . . I hate looking back on the last eight years of my life; I so thoroughly despise myself for having wasted so much affection, zeal, and devotion on so *worthless* an object. . . . Sympathy must be given before it can be received, just as *respect* must be paid before it can be expected in return. . . . I dread going to bed, for there this gnawing pain and low fever consume me. I cannot sleep, and therefore cannot dream, which makes loneliness doubly lonely, for dreams are a sort of phantasmagoria of life. . . . From crying, coughing, and violent agitation, I have burst a small blood-vessel. Oh, my God! my God! When will you take me. . . ."

And yet, shortly afterwards, she implores her fiend to take her back—"a weakness more of body than of mind"—and concludes: "God bless you, and may you hereafter be as happy as I have made you the reverse, and may I soon be at rest." Some twenty-one years onwards, however, when time (and torture) had hardened her, she thus addressed Alfred Chalon the artist, to whom these new letters are addressed:

"Of course, had I been a tigress and a devil, *then* I should have treated that monster as you suggest; but unfortunately, *then*, I was a lamb, a dove, a Griselda, and a fool, turning pale and trembling when I heard his footsteps approaching. . . ."

That one so full of wit and humour should lose all sense of proportion in her outrageous invectives only shows how distraught she became. Not only does she call her husband in letters of different dates "a loathsome, leprous, incarnate Infamy," denounce him as one who has compassed her life with a snare, and crowned it with a curse, and assert that he had confessed to having often "felled" his mother "to the earth," but she heaps abuse on Lady Blessington and all her set, not excepting Forster, whom she calls a "brute," and Dickens, and Disraeli whom she vilifies as "a trading politician," together with Mrs. Disraeli, who had long befriended her, and had sent her £20:

"But my parish allowance arriving on the same day, I sent it back to her by return of post with many thanks. Upon the strength of this, I understand the vulgar old wretch boasts to every one of her kindness. . . ."

The Queen herself is not exempt—except when she shows interest in one of the Fury's novels. Such are a few instances of a love that Mr. Ellis, the able editor (though what makes him speak of "frenzical"?) well terms "vivaciously vindictive." And yet, how kind she could be to those she really (and, maybe, as unreasonably) loved, and to the countless pet dogs on whom (like Ouida) she lavished her affection. Old Lady Hotham leaves her worthy butler and his wife unprovided for. The "parish" allowancer is ready to take them in with open arms.

It is a relief to turn to the real fun of much in this correspondence. How good is her nickname—in allusion to the song of the Mistletoe Bough—for Chalon's dog Mistletoe,—"M. Bow-wow," and "Assinæum" for the Athenæum Club, or whimsical phrases, such as "The indigestion of Misery," or satirical touches, like her appeal to good nature: ". . . You must take me for better, for worse. I only hope you won't find me worse than you took me for, which is generally the result of that proceeding," and the less kindly *mot* about Lady Blessington, whose first husband's name had been Farmer, and whose after-friendship with Lord Blessington had been regularised by marriage: ". . . I think the Protectionists ought to have erected a statue to him for doing away with *Protection* by *espousing* the Farmer's grievance." Excellent, too, is her story of Curran ("the wellings of the old spring") who, when he was running in great haste down Piccadilly to catch the last postman, and was stopped by an inveterate buttonholer to ask him what he thought of the taking of Algiers: "Pooh! pooh!" said he, "sufficient to the day (the *Dey*) is the evil thereof." Not only is a wide, if desultory, culture in all literatures abundantly evident, but there are constant streaks of shrewd sense and observation, as, for instance, the following:

"Ah! my dear Mr. Chalon, if you think giving sovereigns to people in distress, or even more than half one possesses sometimes to extricate very worthless people . . . if you, I say, think this such a redeeming point, I only wish you had the writing of my life. Your anecdote of Lane only adds another to my long list of disgusts at the private detraction and published adulation that goes on among artists and authors. I had quite enough of this with Moore and Campbell about poor Lord Byron."

And this anent her acquaintance Louis Napoleon:

"Rochefoucauld likens our actions to *bouts rimés* which every one makes correspond with what they please; the fact is they are more like mathematical problems the motive of which is the *base*, and the world seldom or ever being able to discover this base, the actions themselves, in every part of their superstructure, to it appear dubious or untrue."

Was this, unconsciously, the secret of her own pessimism? Nothing is so wearing and wearying—beyond all outside buffets of fortune—as the fanaticism of the feelings. She herself expressed the wish that the following text from Isaiah should stand on her tombstone: "The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve."

WALTER SICHEL.

* "It was at Brocket the brute proposed for me," is her characteristic recital.

THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.*

The Rev. Dr. Bryce, of Winnipeg, is one of the pioneers of Western Canada. He has done heroic work in the cause of higher education in Manitoba, being the founder of one of the strongest colleges in the provincial University. For a quarter of a century he was professor in the institution,

* "A Short History of the Canadian People." By George Bryce, D.D., LL.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

and now, full of years and honours, has escaped from the trammels of pedagogy only to bend beneath an even stiffer yoke, that of a maker of books and historian of his native land. Before undertaking his Green-like task of writing a history of the Canadian people, Professor Bryce produced a number of lesser works, including a biography of Lord Selkirk, a history of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a volume celebrating the exploits of Scotsmen in the prairie country. And now he has accomplished the biggest task of all, the preparation of a 600-page history of the Canadian people.

When John Richard Green wrote his "Short History of the English People," he did not attempt to follow the political and social movements of his own time. But Dr. Bryce has been more daring; he prides himself on having brought his narrative "right up-to-date." With copious industry he begins with Plato and the story of Atlantis and does not stay his hand until he chronicles the departure of the 1913 Stefansson expedition to the Canadian Arctic regions. We are informed in the preface that the author wrote a short history of Canada that was issued some years ago, but as that volume did not contain "by far the greatest and most important part of Canadian history—the last *Twenty*-five years"—he has re-written and modernised the earlier book, and now offers it to the public in confidence that it will be appreciated because it contains: "(1) A just story; (2) the lists of authorities; (3) the Text of the British North America Act; (4) the list of all Dominion and Provincial Governors; (5) the useful table of Canadian Annals; (6) a good Index and Map of Canada."

With the exception of the chapter on the Canadian Indians, a valuable review of their origin, manners and customs, there is nothing worthy of special mention in the earlier section of this history. It is when Dr. Bryce struggles through the period of the Revolutionary War and begins to describe the emigration of the United Empire Loyalists to Canada that his pages convey a sense of newness. The detailed information which he gives concerning the Loyalist settlers, where and how they took uplands in the maritime provinces and in Ontario, is evidently the result of patient research. Of equal interest is his story of the great immigration into Canada between 1817 and 1836, when Irish, Scotch, and English settlers poured into the country. British emigrants to the number of 34,000 sailed for Canada in 1831, and during 1829 to 1833 as many as 160,000 colonists from the United Kingdom found homes in the forest townships of Canada. Ontario readers of to-day can find in these pages just why certain counties are peopled by Irish, Scotch or English, and, as in the settlement of Glengarry, just what urge of circumstances led to the emigration of Macdonell and his Highlanders.

This period is not only important in the history of Canada because it witnessed such a tide of emigration flowing from Britain and the United States, but because it saw the rise of bitter opposition to the Family Compact, the oligarchy who ruled Upper Canada with a rod of iron for so many years and whose tyranny led to the Rebellion of 1837, with its subsequent blessings of self-government for the Canadian people. Dr. Bryce has covered this ground in interesting style. He has tried to make the struggle real to us, not so much by emphasising the constitutional aspects of it, as by giving sketches of the strong personalities who figured in the stormy politics of the time, among others Governor Gore, Judge Willis, Bishop Strachan, Baldwin, Matthews, Mackenzie, and Bidwell. Such stories as the trial of Robert Gourlay and the persecution of the Bidwells, as related by Dr. Bryce, bring home to us the iniquities of the Family Compact in a way that the ordinary history of Canada fails to do.

Turning to the latter portion of this volume, we realise that the great aim of this Canadian historian has been to bring his narrative up-to-date. But we feel that he has made a mistake in departing from Green's more cautious policy. He is too near the events of which he writes to do them or himself justice, and Canadian readers will find many rocks of stumbling in the last sixteen sections, in which estimates are given of politicians, poets, journalists, and painters of the present hour. Dr. Bryce is strong in flattery of his contemporaries, but the mere fact that he is fainter in his praise of some than of others, and, a more serious fault still, the fact that he omits to mention some worthies altogether, will bring storms about his head.

W. T. ALLISON.

A MIXED BAG.

It is often said that novelists are bad judges of novels and ought not to review them. But every novelist knows that the only really illuminative, penetrative criticism he ever receives comes from his fellow-novelists. He knows further that the only really intelligent praise he ever receives comes from his fellow-novelists. For only a novelist can see just how much has gone into the making of a novel, the difficult bits, the bits that wrote themselves, just how certain effects were achieved, and how certain failures were allowed to pass into print out of the author's sheer weariness and despair.

There is a kind of intellectual snobbery which affects to regard novels as an inferior form of the literary art, and views them from that lofty standpoint, whereas the fact is that there is nothing harder to write than a really good novel, as is proved by their scarcity. Of the thousands of novels that pour from the press, year by year, of the hundreds that pass through my own hands, there is found only one here and there that is entirely successful. Many of them are an artistic success; a few are a commercial success; but the novel that is at once successful artistically and commercially is rarer than a great auk's egg. And yet there are very few utterly bad novels published. The general reading public of to-day demands a very much higher standard of literary merit than the general reading public of yesterday. Even the most blatantly sensational novels have usually some pretensions to style and finish such as would have been derided by the popularity-mongers of a former generation. The fustian of G. W. M. Reynolds and the sickly puerilities of Geraldine Jewsbury, for example, would nowadays hardly find a publisher, or, if they did find a publisher, would not find a reader above the level of the novelette-reading class.

And I am moved to these reflections by the fact—the sad fact—that though all these six books I have just finished reading are good in their various ways, very good indeed, some of them, there is not one that is likely to repay its author for the pains and care and labour expended upon it. And yet, if only these books could each get to the right people they would all of them—with possibly one exception—enjoy prodigious sales. There should be tens of thousands of readers for five at least of these books. There are tens of thousands who would read them with the keenest delight. But they never will read them because they will never get to know about them. And that is the supreme tragedy of the author: to know that he could give great pleasure to countless unknown men and women who never have and never will read any of his books.

Of the six authors under review I should say that Mr. Bernard Capes is the best known. He has a long and honourable record. All his work is notable for real grace and charm and dignity. He has a fine sense of the colour and the rhythm of words, a neat nimble wit, and the right instinct for the essentially romantic. His style is perhaps just a little too precious at times, and his plots—in this present "Story of Fifine,"[1] at any rate—just a little too elaborate and complicated. Personally I should have preferred more dialogue and less intrigue, for Mr. Capes' dialogue is always a thing of joy to me because of its lightness and deftness, and his intrigues are rather too exacting of a close attention to a mind relaxed by enjoyment of his

[1] "The Story of Fifine." By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Constable.)

exquisite comedy. "The Story of Fifine" all happens in France, in Paris at first and then in a series of wayward meanderings through some picturesque old towns of Provence, the very names of which are as softest music to the ear. At the end a tragic note is struck that somehow jars a little; but the story is certainly one to be read not only for its own sake but for the sake of those high qualities of conscientious craftsmanship for which Mr. Capes' work is always remarkable.

"Dubliners"[2] and "The Island"[3] are two volumes of short stories whose likenesses seem only to accentuate their differences. They are both strung on a thread of common interest. The title of "Dubliners" explains itself. "The Island" is situate somewhere in the tropics: "a beautiful horrible, place, where even sin is exotic and profuse like the vegetation." One seems to breathe the hot steamy air of this lost paradise as one reads of the loves and lusts of its mongrel inhabitants . . . which is of course a tribute to Miss Mordaunt's power of envisaging a milieu. And indeed these stories are (in the cant phrase) very powerful. If they were less powerful they might be much more pleasant to read, but then they would have failed of their purpose. But this is certainly not a book to be left lying around promiscuously when our maiden aunt calls.

"Dubliners" is in a very much more subdued key. The author is an accredited poet. These tales and sketches are written in a poet's prose; they have the vagueness and inconclusiveness of much modern poetry, and yet there is a poignancy of feeling expressed in them that ever and again takes you by the throat; as in the sketch, "Araby," which tells of a boy's failure to buy with his only florin a love-gift for a girl—a dainty, wistful piece of writing, which attains—as indeed each of these sketches attains—its end most surely by the very directness and simplicity of its means. I unreservedly commend this book to all those who have a delicate and refined taste in fiction and a palate for subtle flavours.

"The Girl of the Golden West,"[4] like "Dubliners," suggests the nature of its contents in its title. It is a novelisation of a play, and I should like to see that play—a melodrama, obviously, abounding (as the advertisements say) in magnificent situations. The character-drawing is on rather broad, conventional lines, but there is no question of the vigorous reality of these wild and woolly Westerners of a bygone era. They are very downright, if not always upright people. The whole story goes briskly and merrily to an accompaniment of pistol-shots and strange oaths and much loud laughter over the very excellent comic relief: the very thing for holiday-reading in the shadow of the cliffs or in the boarding-house parlour on a rainy Sunday afternoon.

"Johnnie Maddison"[5] is chiefly remarkable for its truly wonderful character-drawing and the restraint of its vivid forceful style which under less skilful treatment might have degenerated into fine writing. It is in some sort a problem story, involving the question whether one is justified in telling a woman the truth about an unworthy man with whom she is in love. There is something very winning about the personality of Johnnie Maddison himself—a man you begin by thinking rather weak and foolish and end by loving and admiring extremely. The story opens with an inimitable sketch of the "crossest old woman in Wiltshire," and then, leaving England, takes us to Buenos Ayres, whither Molly the heroine, a girl of twenty, goes to marry the altogether abominable Edmund Serge. The development of the theme might have seemed a little hackneyed in less capable hands, but in the hands of Mr. Haslette it is full of thrills and entertainment; full of something better than even thrills and entertainment—pictures of life and men all compellingly and authentically presented.

But perhaps the best of this mixed bag is "The Last Shot,"[6] by Mr. Frederick Palmer, the well-known war correspondent. This is a big book, in every sense of the phrase: a book planned and done throughout on spacious lines. It is a story of up-to-date war. From that first enkindling sentence in the first chapter of the book: "It was Marta who first saw the speck in the sky," to the last line of the last chapter, the story never once flags nor falters. In its every incident one feels that here is the stark truth of things; that here are men—mostly men—and women—chiefly one woman—whom one knows and likes or dislikes as in the flesh. I have not space to do anything like adequate justice to this book, which deserves a whole column to itself—and that would be, so far as I am concerned, a column of praise. I have read few war-stories that I liked so well. As a rule war-stories are too technical to be altogether intelligible to the mere stay-at-home civilian. But this is not one of them: a very fine book indeed, to be read and re-read by all, to their infinite pleasure and—one might add—profit.

EDWIN PUGH.

[2] "Dubliners." By James Joyce. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

[3] "The Island." By Eleanor Mordaunt. 6s. (Heinemann.)

[4] "The Girl of the Golden West." By David Belasco. 6s. (John Richmond.)

[5] "Johnnie Maddison." By John Haslette. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

[6] "The Last Shot." By Frederick Palmer. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

A typical German village.

By permission of the artist, Erna Michel, and her publisher, Gustav Mandt, of Lauterbach. From "By the Waters of Germany," by Norma Lorimer (Stanley Paul).

Selling Oranges, Amsterdam.

From "From Russia to Siam," by Ernest Young (Max Goschen).

THREE BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

It would be interesting to learn what measure of success attends Mr. Ernest Young's volume of travel sketches entitled "From Russia to Siam." It is a book which nine publishers out of ten would frown upon as too desultory, too lacking in cohesion. "Zigzag Jaunts Abroad" would describe it more accurately, for it takes us from Russia to Holland, from Siam to Corsica, from a Boy Scout Encampment in Germany to a trip down the Danube; and we end up in Finland after a brief sojourn in Canton and Macao. To the question, "Who will buy such a book?" most publishers would make a pessimistic reply. The circulating libraries, of course, must take their quantum of copies, but who else? Not many people, one is afraid. And yet, in its unpretentious, happy-go-lucky way, it is quite a pleasant book, with many interesting and entertaining pages in it. Mr. Young writes cleverly and vividly. The pawnshops in Canton, he tells us, are "often great, square, solid, granite structures, which look more like old Border keeps than the residences of accommodating uncles." And some of his personal experiences have been strange and out of the common.

But, generally speaking, a travel volume, to achieve any degree of popularity, either must have in it something of the guide-book element, or it must deal with a region very much in the public eye, or it must express an exceptional personality. Mr. Young is modest and aware of his limitations in the present instance. He will be content, I fancy, to know that most of his readers—and especially his fellow-nomads—will derive no little enjoyment from this account of his wanderings.

In his "Albania: the Foundling State of Europe," Mr. Wadham Peacock deals with a country very much in the public eye, and he does so very interestingly and informingly. The new King had arrived at his new capital when Mr. Peacock wrote his Preface, dated March, 1914. "But the soul of the Shkypetar people remains the same, and the Albania of to-morrow will be the Albania of yesterday, with only a superficial variation." Of all the Albanian notabilities introduced to us by Mr. Peacock, little Hakki Pasha is the most engaging. Here is a passage so good that I must really transcribe it in full, even though I be left without space for further comment upon the rest of the volume:

"The Vali hastened to turn the conversation and said: 'Tell the English Bey, Hakki Pasha, how they gave you sugar in England!'

"Hakki's little eyes lighted up with the spirit of fun, and he began at once, screwing up his caricature of a face and acting every part of his recital; while the Vali Pasha, who had heard the story a hundred times before, followed it in the unknown tongue and nodded approval at the right places, which were vividly indicated by the narrator's wonderful gestures.

"'When I was in England learning engineering,' said Hakki Pasha, 'I was in a Boarding House near the school, and the landlady was very mean with the sugar. You know that we in the East like a good deal of sweet, and so, when she sent me my cup of tea with only two lumps of sugar in it, I used to send it back and ask for more. Then she would search out the smallest lump of sugar in the basin and hold it out to me between her finger and thumb'—suiting the action to the word and looking with head on one side and screwed-up eyes at his finger and thumb which he pinched together as tightly as possible to indicate the very smallest piece of sugar—'she used to hold it like that and say: "Is that too much for you, Hakki Bey?"'

"Then, as he reached the cream of the joke, we all laughed, not loudly or uproariously, but in a dignified and subdued manner, as people who have heard the story before and hope to hear it again, and the little Pasha said: 'That is how they give you sugar in England!'"

The third of our three books of travel, "By the Waters of Germany," has in it all the three constituents of popularity above specified, for it deals with a region of the Fatherland (the Rhineland, the Black Forest, Bavaria and Alsace), which is never out of the public eye; it

Albanian Mountaineers.

A group of Roman Catholics outside a church in the mountains.
From "Albania," by Wadham Peacock (Constable).

* "From Russia to Siam." By Ernest Young. 10s. 6d. net. (Max Goschen.)—"Albania." By Wadham Peacock. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"By the Waters of Germany." By Norma Lorimer. 12s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

explains in practical and trustworthy detail how to achieve a delightful holiday at an extraordinarily low price; and it expresses a very charming and sympathetic personality. Miss Norma Lorimer, had she lived in the eighteenth century, would have been a famous letter-writer. All these travel-books of hers, whether they tell of Sicily or Italy, of Carthage or Egypt, are in their essence long, friendly, humorous, graphic Letters from Abroad. Easy writing is often hard reading, but here is easy reading which, one feels convinced, has been produced by the born letter-writer's facile pen. Expression comes as naturally to Miss Lorimer as observation. Here is an effective pen-picture which I am sure she just "dashed off"—a lightning sketch of a group of German officers at a railway station,

"As two of them wore full grey cloaks with collars, Louise said they must be men of high rank. I have certainly never seen such high collars, or such very black helmets, or such very gold eagles. The younger men were extremely smart, in their perfectly dark blue uniforms, piped with red; and their white and grey silk sashes, with immense silver tassels, encircled really very slim waists. One of them in particular, who was evidently an aide-de-camp to the more important of the two older men, took my fancy. He was as agile as a Marathon runner, and his way of clicking his heels and saluting was spirited and distinctive. Not once but many times, did he disappear from the group only to return again with some fresh piece of information which his superior had sent him to find out. He did not, I admit, equal for elegance and grace the youthful Italian *teniente* in his full war paint and feather, whose slimness and beauty of limb have come down to him as a birthright through long centuries of beauty-loving people; but if German youth is not so godlike, his Manhood is not so painfully obese. Anyhow, I was grateful to that group of officers for the beauty spot they made in that dull station."

I am sure that Miss Lorimer's book will have the wide success it so well deserves.

FREDERIC WHYTE.

THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE HENRY BORROW.*

Mr. Wise is as much ahead of all other bibliographers as Eclipse was ahead of all other racehorses. Out of the dead bones of statistics he has evolved a wonderful new method for probing into the side-branches of literary history. His books have not merely an attraction for the expert—an attraction evoked by complete knowledge, accuracy, and understanding of his subject—but they appeal to all who are interested in the queer, intimate, subterranean histories of books and their writers. There can be no doubt that such works will be of unique importance to the far-future biographer, just as they are of unique importance to the present-day collector. But of all Mr. Wise's bibliographies, this of Borrow is perhaps the most curiously attractive. For it contains an account of no fewer than forty-four privately-printed pamphlets of Borrow's writings (almost entirely in verse), the vast majority of which had lain in manuscript till within a year ago. Not, indeed, owing to Borrow's fault. Far from it. He made constant efforts to get his verse translations published, but he was as constantly rebuffed. It is true that we have his "Romantic Ballads," his "Targum," and his "Sleeping Bard," all of which appeared in his lifetime, but his more ambitious efforts, the work of his maturity, remained hidden till long after his death. Mr. Wise gives extracts from some of these ballads, which may suggest that the current opinion of Borrow as a versifier needs revision. They cannot be allowed to remain in the dim obscurity of privately-printed pamphlets. The ghost of Borrow cries aloud for final justice to be done to him. Let us hope that Mr. Wise will hearken to the beckoning voice.

It is almost impossible, in such a review as this, to explain the extraordinary labour and care that have been expended in this astonishing compilation. To Mr. Wise bibliography is an exact science. In these 300 odd pages, crowded with illustrations of title-pages and manuscripts, is enshrined the expert knowledge of a life given to the arduous acquirement of a branch of learning too long neglected and scoffed at. However, Mr. Wise has the satisfaction of seeing his pioneer labours universally accepted at last as the standard of excellence to be attained by all responsible workers in the same field. That, at any rate, is some reward.

RICHARD CURLE.

* "A Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of George Henry Borrow." By Thomas J. Wise. (For Private Circulation.)

THE NEW OPTIMISM.*

It is a mistake for even the philosopher to take himself too seriously, no one being more liable to err than the man who is cocksure. This cocksureness leads him by degrees to be less eager to find out what is truth than to prove that the truth is what he has found. And the very expository method adopted by Mr. de Vere Stacpoole in "The New Optimism" is calculated to encourage any mortal in a misleading belief of his own infallibility. His plan is this: He is walking by the seashore with an elegant young lady who is in the darkest stage of pessimism; she has lost hope in all things, but when Mr. Stacpoole unfolds his gospel of optimism she is instantly convinced: she admits that he is right every time. Now, none of us would be proof against this. Such easy victories make a man self-confident, and lull him into forgetting how many of our little systems have had their day and ceased to be; how often quite sagacious theories that seemed to be firmly established have been tumbled over and shown to have no foundation in fact. It is good to walk humbly and warily in a world where we can see such a little way before us.

In his earlier pages, Mr. Stacpoole summarises brilliantly and with real imaginative power the discoveries of science concerning the beginning of things. He neither accepts nor denies the existence of God, but says:

"Yes, to me, sometimes, all that work done by matter on its own account is even more wonderful than all the work done by Life, for even had life never appeared on the world the labours of 'dull matter' and 'brute force' would still have created the house of the earth. . . . The senseless ferocity of blazing gas had calmed down, and the mind of matter, if I may use the term, had reached the dignity of expressing itself in form."

Were it not as philosophical, and as likely to be true, if instead of attributing mind to matter (whose origin there is no attempt to explain) one argued from what little we know that there was clearly some transcendent force, some God above all that whirl of vapours, blazing gas and dancing atoms, and it was He that through the centuries had been moulding them to His desire? We do not attribute mind to the calculating machine, but to the man who made it capable of calculating. But no, we must have it: "The energy of matter that had constructed the solar system . . ." though Mr. Stacpoole acquiesces in the lady's fancy that "The world is like a big head, isn't it? With all its brains on the outside." If this does not imply the exterior intelligence that unphilosophical people call God I do not know what it means. And, after all, the new optimism turns out to be only the old optimism in a new coat of paint. With all his honest doubts, Mr. Stacpoole is convinced that the world is continually growing towards perfection; it moves forward to a goal that is wholly of good; and that when this material life ends we shall go on to something higher. Well, Tennyson popularised that doctrine last century, and it was not new in his day. I have a notion that you may find what is essential of it in the Bible.

It is when he comes to deal with social developments of our own times that Mr. Stacpoole allows himself to become rather too arrogant. Surely if he regarded such of these as do not please him in the spirit of the optimism he preaches he would be tolerant and say they are of no great moment; they are just the atoms dancing still and the vapours and blazing gas still whirling, and the brain which is outside it all will in due course mould it into the world that is still in the making. He prefers, however, to sneer at

* "The New Optimism." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Socialism; he will have nothing to do with dreamers; he formulates a fantastic conception of feminism and pours condemnation on it. Nothing could be more unphilosophical than to judge of any ideal by the views of a few extremists. It were as irrational as to judge all Christianity by the actions of those bigots who lit the fires of Smithfield. To define the claims of feminism as a demand that "women may be free to change their morals in any way they please," to say that the new women want to lower the standard of morality and enjoy the moral licence that man has so long allowed to himself, only suggests that Mr. Stacpoole has not studied the subject he is dealing with. In common fairness one must say that all the women who count in that movement are demanding precisely the reverse of this: their demand is that the standard of morality for man should be raised to the higher level that is expected of woman.

Again, touching on certain phases of religious faith, you have Mr. Stacpoole saying:

"As a rule this belief in Providence and the tutelage of a 'loving Father' is more intense in the modern civilized man—just as in the uncultured savage—when some good fortune has befallen him: an escape from peril of life, recovery from a severe illness. . . ."

Here, too, Mr. Stacpoole has lost his hold upon fact, for beyond question this belief is far more deeply rooted among the poor, the suffering, the unfortunate than among the rich and the successful. The poor would never have been so long patient under so many ills if that sustaining belief had not been in them. He is so opposed to all Socialistic dreams, so certain that the salvation of the race lies in a selfish individualism, that he belauds the pettiest sort of pride because:

"Pure, low-down, material pride—what a tremendous force it is! From the cock that crows to the State that prospers, it is ubiquitous as sodium."

What becomes of our rising to higher things if we are to stand still by such an ancient vice as that? We shall make no progress on those lines, for of that kind of pride comes snobbery, the most soul-deadening of all human weaknesses. The man who takes pride in his bank account, his clothes, his imposing residence, his superior strength, has not advanced beyond the dignity of the savage who found a similar satisfaction in swaggering with the scalps of his neighbours slung about his person.

Nevertheless, this book of Mr. Stacpoole's is abundantly stimulating. It crystallises in glowing terms the splendid scientific theory of the universe. It is written vigorously, clearly and with a fine sense of style; there is much in it that is suggestive, well thought out and well expressed, and you will enjoy it all the more because there is so much in it that you can disagree with—so much that provokes you to disagreement.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

SONGS OF THE SEA.*

There was never yet anthology which entirely pleased, even its maker. To omit or to over-appreciate is so easy; and tastes differ. We have, therefore, no intention of chiding Mr. Patterson because his "Sea's Anthology" might or might not have contained this, that, or the other thing. Anthologists—as poets, tinkers, tailors, soldiers, policemen and parsons—are human; their work, in consequence, is little likely to be divine. Mr. Patterson has, at any rate, brought to his joyous task a fine enthusiasm, as well as a first-hand knowledge of that alluring and dreadful, awful and wonderful, strengthening and murderous element, the sea.

His purpose of limiting this volume to English verse written before the middle of the nineteenth century, has necessarily caused him to leave out some essential things; for—coming to think of it—admirable and stimulating poetry of the sea, equal to anything in this volume, has been written by Mr. Masefield, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Noyes, and others, and it is poor recompense to read instead the nautical verse—so to call it—of Mary Howitt and Felicia Hemans. Eliza Cook with her old arm-chair was as effective a sea-singer as they, who could only sentimentalize on drawing-room window aspects of the deep and dark-blue ocean; and knew almost less of the actual sea, its breezes, play, and salt, its furies and its kindness, than the Margate "nut" or the *noisette* of Broadstairs.

Mr. Patterson, in a curious footnote about Whitman—he almost endorses the comparison of Walt with Tupper!—expresses the doubt whether Whitman's verse will ever be known in shipboard life. Of course it will not, any more than that of any other poet. The sea-dog may sing his chanties—of which Mr. Patterson gives too few—when he is hauling a rope or shoving the capstan bar; but otherwise his taste in lyrics is very like the average. He seeks no spirit of Parnassus, no tuned siren of the courts of Neptune; but attends on the muse of the theatre of varieties; and when he sings, to gladden the stars of the Mediterranean or the rollers of Biscay, or the jolly Equator-line, does so with such vocal declarations as that "He did not want to do it," or that "The yaller girl in Dixie is the lilla gal for him." Mr. Patterson is not going to palaver us into believing that the sailor—jolly good fellow though he be, and so say all of us!—is passionately devoted to Apollo and his laureate crowd. Be sure that the cherub who sits up aloft does not hear Jack so much chortling sea-songs in his joy as grousing, grousing with that proper determination and completeness to which the man who does real things is fully entitled.

As a matter of truth, there are few sea-songs of the period trawled by Mr. Patterson which are poetry. The old-fashioned sea-dog was a conventional person, who did his day's work, with an occasional frolic after his Poll or Sue, in a downright, unimaginative manner; and his spirit was generally reflected in the verse that was written around him. Now and then some hero or achievement set the lyres twanging, and we had a song of Nelson and the North or "Ye Mariners of England," which, while it may lack polish and finish, yet has life and the spirit of the seas. Allan Cunningham, too, has caught something of the music of the ocean in his well-known lines:

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea;
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast,—
And bends the gallant mast, my boys;
While like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee!"

There is actuality there, movement, saltness, spray; yet take a stanza from the effort immediately preceding Cunningham's sea-song, and what stuff it is!

"My bounding bark, I fly to thee,—
I'm wearied of the shore;
I long to hail the swelling sea,
And wander free once more:
A sailor's life of reckless glee,
That only is the life for me!"

The anonymous author of that particular fustian evidently sailed the seas to the light of the midnight lamp his bounding bark—just think of a bounding bark!—being a picture-book wooden-wall. The wonder is he does not refer to the billows—in this sort of rhymery the sea is generally "billows." It is that kind of rhapsody worked in wool, which has really threatened with degradation the service of the sea, in exactly the same manner as the music-hall, with its bow-wow ditties and drunken effusions, is a living danger to patriotism. Mr. Patterson is so true a sailor-man, so sincere in his joy of ship-craft, so thorough in his knowledge of a vessel from her stays to her stern, that he must have mentally groaned with an ardour, which in a lesser spiritual light would have been a swear, at having to copy out and print so much banjovial insincerity.

* "The Sea's Anthology. From the Earliest Times down to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century." Compiled and Edited with Notes, Introduction and Appendix by J. E. Patterson. 2s. net. (Heinemann.)

"I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep."

Steward, please, the basin bring; I need it when these songsters sing!

The older sea-songs in this anthology have generally more sincerity and appeal than those of a later day, when melodrama had tended to make Captain Crosstrees and poor Jack self-conscious.

"What pen can well reporte the plighte
Of those that travell on the seaes?
To pas the werie wynter's nighte,
With stormie clouds, wisshynge for ease;
With waves that tosse them to and fro—
Theyr pore estate is hard to showe."

That stanza is more expressive of the truth of the shipman's condition and thoughts in the days when Roderick Random went a-sailing, cramped in a sour ship, than all the beautiful rapture of the quill-driving landsmen who have gushed about the mighty main.

Mr. Patterson is, none the less, to be congratulated on this fruit of his industry and devotion. Now and then—as with his curious footnote about the supposed howler in Coleridge's immortal "Rime"—we were inclined to pick a bone with him; but such passing tendencies are properly submerged in a general gratitude. This "Sea's Anthology" is a useful compendium at a wonderful price, and we hope will enjoy such success that its builder and editor will be encouraged to prepare another volume, bringing his songs and subject to the present less picturesque, but not less romantic, day.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

THE WORLD THROUGH AN EYE-GLASS.*

It was rather a good idea of Mrs. Bland's to preface this collection of her late husband's essays by an introduction from the pen of Mr. Cecil Chesterton. The contrast between Mr. Chesterton's petulant solemnity and Hubert's genial and unaffected common sense is all to the advantage of the latter. Mr. Chesterton lectures his readers. He is severe about "the timid futility of the Labour Party." He tells us pontifically that all men pay high honour to the profession of arms "unless mad, or corrupted by cowardice, or avarice, or a false religion," and fortifies himself by appeal to a gentleman whom he (or the printer) variously calls Nietzsche, Neitzsche, and Neitzche. Now, the attraction of Hubert Bland's weekly causerie lay precisely in the fact that he did not lecture his readers. He wrote, indeed, as if he had a purpose; but he never wrote as if he had a grievance. He just talked to his unseen auditors as if he were some genial, experienced clubman chatting from one armchair to a friend in another. This simple outspokenness of manner, joined as it is with clearness of view, vigour of sense and sincerity of belief, makes his work thoroughly worth reprinting. In an age of essayistic mannerism it is refreshing to read essays that are simply good-mannered.

I fancy that criticism—at least, constructive criticism—was not Hubert Bland's strong point. Such a statement as the following needs so much qualification as to be not worth making as it stands:

"Wordsworth had not, as Kipling has, the faculty of appealing to the market-place, as well as to the study, and in so far as he had it not he was a lesser man than Kipling."

Then, too, we must not take seriously pronouncements of this sort:

"Had Fielding never written we should certainly never have had a Dickens; I don't think we should ever have had a Thackeray."

That is the kind of criticism we should leave to professors of literature, who are privileged to utter nonsense. We can accept, indeed, as a personal oddity of belief, a statement like this:

"Becky Sharp is one of the immortals. In English literature she stands, unquestionably, beside Portia, Cordelia, Imogen, and, in my private opinion (which I will venture only to whisper in your ear), on a plane a bit higher than theirs."

But such a view comes a little oddly from the writer who has, on an earlier page, rebuked Father Benson for confusing the popular mind by the assertion of literary heresies. "I hold that in the criticism of classics, candour should be tempered with caution." Thus Hubert, on page 15. On page 134, however, he says: "I must needs say what I think. It would be cowardice of me to sit here writing what other people say I ought to think"; and the joke is that, on each occasion, the subject under discussion is Sir Walter. For saying that he cannot read Scott, Father Benson is rebuked in the earlier passage; yet later we have Hubert himself saying that he, too, finds much to complain of in Scott, and justifying himself in the second sentence I have quoted. Well, well! there is a big consistency of literary enjoyment that reconciles even such contradictions as these.

The clearsightedness of Hubert's outlook is manifested in two notable instances. He has a sound paper, written eight years ago, on the stupid patience of the working-classes, the truth of which is pitifully confirmed by that tragic book we have all been reading, "The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists," in which the sheepish acquiescence of the workers in injustice is bitterly and unanswerably attacked by one of themselves. An equally striking piece of diagnosis is his paper on "The Decadence of Kipling," written four years ago. Hubert Bland traces unerringly the gradual debasement of Mr. Kipling's talent, and implies a prophecy of worse things to come; and now, pat at the moment, comes Mr. Kipling's recent outburst to prove the justice of Hubert's case against him. As a matter of fact, the seeds of evil were in Mr. Kipling from the first. He was always the apostle of success. He began by believing in gold lace, and ends by believing in gold. Hubert refers with praise to the story "They" as exceptionally excellent in the poor mass of Mr. Kipling's later work. Has anyone noticed the striking parallel between this story and a very, very eerie, shuddery tale by Mr. Henry James? It is called "The Turn of the Screw," and, as in "They," the interest centres about two children. The dread, disquieting impalpability of the story—an impalpability so subtle that the word "ghost" seems too sheerly gross and solid to use—shows the art of Mr. James in an aspect of unusual terror.

I find I am digressing; but that, after all, is a tribute to Hubert's volume. It is a beguiling little book. It catches your interest at many points. It opens up pleasant vistas of good things, and sets you chatting about them. Is not that a rare and excellent quality?

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "Essays by Hubert Bland." Chosen by E. Nesbit Bland. With an Introduction by Cecil Chesterton. 5s. net. (Max Goschen.)

Novel Notes.

WORLD'S END. By Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetskoy). 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

One is not sure whether "World's End" is more like a French novel written by an English person or an English novel written by someone brought up in the traditions of the Continent. It is such a mixture of delicacy and sentimentality, of literary finesse and clumsiness. Briefly, the little touches in it, the instinctive touches perhaps are charming, while what is sought after, what is schemed for, is often crude and disappointing. If one can imagine a genuine taste for the fine and real in literature allied to an overwhelming desire to write a novel along the lines of the modern American sentimental love story one obtains a slight idea of what this book is like. The plot is foolish

and improbable, but it is just the kind of foolish improbability which a great section of the public adores. "World's End" is a realistic novel written in a sentimental manner. Phœbe Nelson lives at Nelson's Gift, near World's End. There are two men in her life story, her cousin Owen who lives near her, and one Richard who has spent some time in Paris studying life and art. Richard is a subtle creature, a composite picture made up of a dozen modern influences, and not very convincing at that. To his dark soul, steeped in the lore and lure of the modern world, Phœbe appears with "her daylight charm" as an exquisite revelation. He will allow himself to experiment in her innocent psychology—which he does with the usual unpsychological result. After he has won her, he deserts her, and brings her to the point of suicide. Her cousin Owen rescues her from this fate with the most romantic delicacy, and then follows the central situation of the book. Although Owen is aware that her first-born will not be his child, he shields her from the result of her folly by an assumption of ignorance that is really too tactful to be polite or even human. It is a sentimentality, this point of the book, but the author lavishes much clever writing over it and almost succeeds in carrying the situation through. With a pinch of sentiment the thing can be accepted and a charming novel thoroughly enjoyed.

RODING RECTORY. By Archibald Marshall. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The relations existing between the Church and Nonconformity in a small country town supply Mr. Archibald Marshall with the theme of his latest novel, which, we may say at once, is a book that is certainly in its author's best vein. Representative types of both parties are introduced into the narrative with no little skill, but the main interest centres in the figure of the Rector, Mr. French, sincere, practical and hardworking, but a man, nevertheless, with a touch of worldliness and a sense of his own importance in the affairs of the parish. He is of good family, and went into the Church originally for no better reason than that he was a younger son; but he has now matured, he takes his work seriously and reverently, and he has been successful. Contrasted with him is the idealistic and saintly Dr. Merrow, a great Nonconformist preacher who has come to Roding for rest. In many respects the exact antithesis of the Rector, his sympathy and forbearance help the other through a time of trial and difficulty. In the background of the story are many other equally likeable characters, drawn strongly and skilfully. "Roding Rectory" proves that Mr. Marshall has lost none of his happy ability in the handling of the life of a small country town.

A SHAMEFUL INHERITANCE. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Cassell.)

LOVERS' MEETINGS. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Admirably natural in treatment, with a very natural pathos and many touches of humour, Miss Katharine Tynan's latest novel is sure of a wide welcome. Its hero is a young man who is brought up ignorant of the fact that a heritage of shame and disgrace has been passed down to him, and that his mother was the author of a terrible crime. Disguised, and working as the district nurse, she lives near to him, and in mingled joy and misery watches over him, unable to claim him or make herself known to him because of the hideous past. Of his happy young life, of his love affairs, of the accident that brings him, unconscious and at death's door, under her tender care; of how he learns her identity at last, after he has lost trace of her, and goes searching until he finds her, Miss Tynan tells vividly and touchingly. Her characters are true to life, and very lovable; particularly lovable is Prince Peter, who has sacrificed his title to become Father Peter and work among the people. "A Shameful Inheritance" will undoubtedly rank among the author's best novels, and among the very best that this season has given us.

"Lovers' Meetings," is a collection of love stories, told in Katharine Tynan's most vivacious, sympathetic style. It includes tales for every mood—tales sad and happy; romantic and realistic tales; eerie tales of the supernatural—and all of them are delightfully fresh and entertaining. The first in the book tells how a man takes an unpremeditated journey from Ireland to Paris, starting out an entirely unattached, "somewhat jaded, almost middle-aged bachelor"; and arriving a full-fledged lover with Paradise within his grasp. The pathos of "The Little Ghost" is very real and tender: the tale of a woman who lives in the shadow of a great sorrow and finds consolation at last in a little ghost-child. The reader passes from one story to the next, discovering in each that charm and tenderness which have made the author's work so widely popular. It is too difficult a task where all are so good, to say which of the sixteen makes the pleasantest reading; it is certain that everybody who gets the book will find something in it to his taste.

A LADY AND HER HUSBAND. By Amber Reeves. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The promise of Miss Amber Reeves' last novel "The Reward of Virtue" is realised in her new book, "A Lady and Her Husband," which presents a problem of family life in a new way, and incidentally gives remarkable studies of the growth of the minds of women. It is a book with much that bears closely on many of the problems that have been brought prominently to the front since the Woman Question reached its more acute stages. As a writer about women, it may be remarked, Miss Reeves has the advantage of restraint, not only in her point of view, but also in her language, which is temperate, while often beautiful and impressive. Tenderness is the keynote of a great deal that she has to say in the course of her story about the development of a well-to-do middle-class family in an industrial area. The mother finds herself, in one sense, cut off from her family, who, growing up, adopt fresh outlooks, interests and activities, while the good lady herself remains much as she was in the days when they were all nursery children. Her grown children urge her to new interests, and she is responsive, not in a half-hearted dilettante kind of way, but as a serious social reformer, keen to learn all at first hand. She makes a beginning with the "works" of her own husband; and this is the situation that enables Miss Reeves to treat in masterful way of the conflicts of the motives of the wife with those of her husband. "A Lady and Her Husband" is a noteworthy, graceful book.

SUNRISE VALLEY. By Marion Hill. 6s. (John Long.)

Miss Marion Hill has a very attractive narrative gift; she combines a brisk, humorous style with a sympathetic outlook on life and a real understanding of human character. Blanche Dering, a bright young American girl, chooses to leave the luxurious comfort of her aunt's New York residence for the sweets of independence and the hard work of teaching in a little school out West. She is a womanly, winsome personality, and the reader follows her experiences with keenest interest; her joys and sorrows, her successes and disappointments. The humour of the book is delightfully fresh and quaint; there is something new and young about the story that is wonderfully appealing. What is the result of Blanche's venture, and what the result of the love affair that is hinted at in the first chapter, readers must find out for themselves, and they may be sure of thoroughly enjoying themselves in doing so.

BEASTS AND SUPER-BEASTS. By H. H. Munro ("Saki.") 6s. (John Lane.)

We have read this volume through at a single sitting—and we know of no severer test for a collection of short stories—and we felt no single moment of weariness. All who care for a definite literary manner know what to expect from Mr. Munro—a wit which consists of a gentle satire, which never degenerates into mere farce. In this volume

they will not be disappointed. The stories have not that sensational element which appeals to the great simple-minded unlettered public, and the way to get from them their finest flavour would be to read one or two aloud in a smoking room before going to bed after a gay and successful day. Those who know "The Chronicles of Clovis" will be glad to meet again that charming youth. Mr. Munro has a particular predilection for clever young people who are not quite children, but have not yet attained maturity. One example of this is "The Yarkand Manner"; whose attractive whimsicality may perhaps be said to be almost farcical. "Cousin Teresa" is satire all the more effective and convincing because it is entirely gentle and kindly. The story which appealed to us most for its "fine dramatic quality" is "The Open Window"; in which a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen gives her imagination free rein, and invents two thrilling romances. Every story has a certain unexpected flavour and individuality which will give pleasure. The author is obviously familiar with modern life and modern literature, and it is perhaps significant that the only book he actually quotes is "The Golden Journey to Samarkand."

THE CADDIS-WORM. By C. A. Dawson Scott. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Catherine Blake, married in her teens to the domineering but successful Lowport doctor, is the caddis-worm; like that insect she had created for herself a sheath. "It was woven of a discreet reticence; its walls were silken and, instead of being covered with meaningless phrases, it had a decoration of labels. According to them she was everything that civilisation has agreed to consider praiseworthy. Her weaknesses were given high-sounding names such as Meekness, Humbleness of Mind, Unselfishness, Placability; and behind them the real Catherine held herself aloof." But when her family of boys and girls demanded freedom and opportunity, began to question their father's right to ruthlessly mould them to his wishes, and find themselves against his inflexible will, she emerges from her sheath to battle with the man she loves. Circumstances rally to her aid. Richard Blake's first wife, supposed to have died long before his second marriage, returns, giving Catherine the power to dictate terms of reconciliation. Mother and children win their independence, gain the right to order their lives according to their own ambitions and tastes. The differences and difficulties between Catherine and her husband are smoothed away naturally. Although overburdened in places with revelations and situations taxing the credulity of the reader this is an enjoyable novel.

THE VANGUARD. By Edgar Beecher Bronson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is an account of the wild and daring adventures, in North America, of those men who formed the "vanguard of unlettered and unsung heroes, who, as stage-coach messengers, treasure guards and marshals, fearlessly fought, often single-handed, the raiding hostile savages, the organised bands of road agents that infested the highways, and the disorganised groups of thugs and hold-ups that thronged new mining and front railway camps. . . . . These men were the real pacifiers of the early trails and towns," and helped to "win from savagery hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory now teeming with peaceful industry and trade." The story, which purports to be the record of "a humble worker in the Vanguard," is alive with fighting and the din of warfare, and is told in a simple, straightforward style that is very effective.

OLD VALENTINES. By Munson Havens. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Havens calls his little volume "A Love Story"; and as such it will appeal to scores of readers who like a pretty tale. Love will have its way; and for two generations Sir Peter Oglebay had to bear with the ways of lovers who greatly offended him by succumbing to the emotion and leaving him. Before the story opens, Robert Oglebay, Sir Peter's brother, has fallen desperately in love with, and married, "Valentine Germain, the actress." Sir Peter never saw his brother again. When, however, Robert and Valentine, after an ideally happy married life, were drowned together, Sir Peter took their daughter, Phyllis, to his home, provided for her and loved her devotedly. It is with Phyllis's love-story that we have chiefly to do. It is very "sweet," very simple, very American. John Landless is the man. He works in the East-end, and is a poet by profession. Looking at John as a husband for Phyllis, Sir Peter does not see eye to eye with his niece, and after some hot words the lovers run from the old man's presence out into the cold world—and are married that afternoon. Alas, alas, Mr. Havens is kinder to the lovers than the hard, unyielding marriage laws of England would be! "John counted the money in his pockets; enough for luncheon, fares, and even contingencies, he was glad to find." The contingencies included a special licence, which with fees and duty amount to something like thirty pounds. John had two hundred a year and his talent to live on. However, old valentines save the situation, and all ends well. Mr. Havens is distinctly American in his "personal touches," and his estimates of some living authors.

The Bookman's Table.

CARAVAN DAYS. By Bertram Smith. 5s. net. (Nisbet.)

Caravanners, like cooks, explorers and poets, are born, not made. Unless you are born a caravanner not even Mr. Bertram Smith's very sincere and thorough exposition of the charms of a home on wheels will convert you; nor will his eulogy of the road sound convincing enough to blot out the rival attractions of the uncharted bypath and the unbeaten track. "The road," we are told, "is everything to the caravanner. It is incomparably the most

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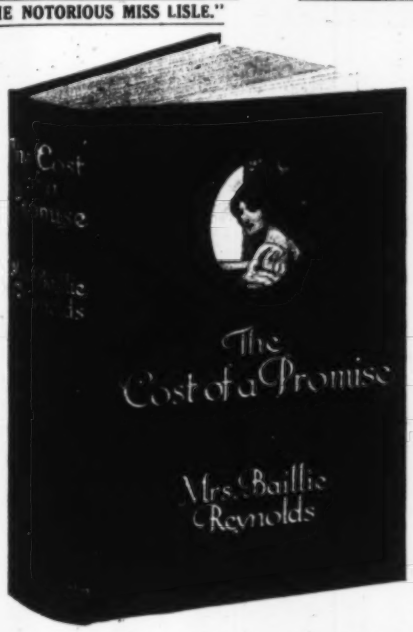

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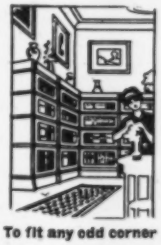
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interesting, the most thrilling thing in landscape: it is the key to the country, the one great common possession: it is history, and geography and a running commentary on the affairs of the district: it is the entrance and the exit and the stage." The reader who is suffering from "horizon hunger" and wishes to see a fresh panorama daily from the window of his house will find much valuable information in Mr. Smith's book, which gives an intimate description of the equipment and internal economy of Sieglinda, his beloved caravan, as well as a detailed report of his adventures on a great zig-zag tour through the heart of Scotland to John O'Groats. For the reader who is content to spend his holiday in a deck chair on Margate sands, there is still plenty of good fare to be found in the human side of "Caravan Days," to say nothing of the exploits of Sieglinda's two horses, Simon and Sam, especially Sam.

IRISHMEN ALL. By G. A. Birmingham. 5s. net. (T. N. Foulis.)

Being one of the few modern Irishmen with a sense of humour undulled by theosophy, politics or exile, Mr. G. A. Birmingham is always ready to take the greatest of all risks in Irish literature—the risk of being dismissed as a writer of the Lever school by his own serious-minded countrymen. But it does not trouble him; for he finds that his race is still generally distinguished by the quick and lively qualities of mind that he possesses in an eminent degree. He avenges himself very prettily on his critics in a study of the expatriated Irishmen in London, who brood so mournfully over the wrongs of their country that they lose the power of smiling at anything. Mr. Birmingham tries now and then to become a philosopher, but, like Dr. Johnson's friend, he finds that cheerfulness is always breaking in upon his saddest thoughts. His fund of good stories is large and varied, and he uses it with admirable lightness of touch in hitting off a dozen characteristic types of modern Irishmen. He often goes very deep into the fundamental qualities of his countrymen, but it is done in so vivid and interesting a manner that his sketches are as good as his best tales. Especially refreshing is his quiet pervading gift of humour; it enables him to keep his balance of mind in the most turbulent circumstances. He sees the human side even of the men he most dislikes—the political publican, for instance, who practices in Ireland the arts which he has further developed in "Tammany" and similar organisations in America. No fairer nor more interesting study of Irish conditions can be found than that contained in "Irishmen All."

WAYFARING: BALLADS AND SONGS. By Tinsley Pratt. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Tinsley Pratt is a poet of divers moods whose themes are pleasantly varied. His songs of the open air have the feel of the wind and the sun, the scent of the gorse and the ripple of singing rivers in them; his handful of miscellaneous lyrics are by turns pensive and touched with the tenderness of dreams, and by turns axiomatic with a brave philosophy of life; but he is at his best in his lusty songs of the sea and of sea-fighting. His "Last Fight of the Dainty," a stirring ballad of Sir Richard Hawkins' three days fierce fight with two Spanish galleons, deserves to stand beside Mr. Henry Newbolt's fine ballads in this kind; and "Admiral Benbow," written in bluff, hearty sailorman's vernacular, catches the very style and spirit in which our old sea-heroes lived and fought. It is the great story of how Benbow tackled the French fleet almost single-handed, when the swaggering captains of his other ships held off and would not support him in the attack, and it is told with the simple directness and detailed circumstance needful to make such a story effective. This and the other ballads are admirably suited to recitation, as all true ballads should be. Alike in its narrative and its contemplative poems, this little volume is worthy of the author of "Persephone in Hades," and "When Hawkins Sailed the Sea."

ELIZABETHAN LYRICS. By Marjorie Christmas. (Erskine Macdonald.)

The little book of "Elizabethan Lyrics," just issued under the auspices of the Poetry Society, is frankly an experiment and an echo—or rather, as no one would admit more readily than Miss Christmas, an attempt to echo tunes which no later instrument can fully reproduce. We have here all the familiar designs, the conventional figures: Cupids and Corinnes and Delias, lips that drop honey and breathe honeysuckle; mists of roses and choirs of singing birds, with always a bow stretched and love-dart fledged for falling among the bowers. It is an arabesque prettily suggestive of the Arcadia of Elizabethan lovers; but no note of genuine passion is struck throughout; perhaps it would be as fatal to the birds and roses as a volcano or an earthquake would. The truest thing in the whole booklet, and the deepest, is the "Ditty of Light Love," on pp. 26–27. Here, if not elsewhere, Miss Christmas forgets her archaisms and arabesques, her piping Corydons and singing Corinnes, and breathes the air of the real world. It is a great relief, for to revitalise the dry bones of the Elizabethans would be labour for a Hercules.

Notes on New Books.

MR. HERBERT JENKINS.

Those whom Sir Joseph Beecham's two seasons at Drury Lane have interested in the great Chaliapine and in the Russian Opera and the Russian Ballet, should, on no account, overlook an introduction to the study of these subjects which Rosa Newmarch has just brought out under the title of **The Russian Opera** (5s. net). The author of this erudite analysis of a century's operas speaks with authority, for she has devoted nearly twenty years to the study of Glinka and his successors. Readers who want to know about the dawn of music in Russia, about Glinka's predecessors, about Glinka and Dorgomijsky, about those famous musical critics Alexander Serov and Vladimir Stassov, about Rubinstein and Balakirev and finally about Moussorgsky, Borodin, Cui and Rimsky-Korsakov, will find all their requirements met in this admirable work. Dedicated to Feodor Ivanovich Chaliapine it contains several portraits in character of the famous singer.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO.

Most of our fire-breathing war songs are written by men who have never smelt gunpowder. The soldier himself is not so keenly conscious of the poetical aspects of his profession; inside his uniform he is, more often than not, a man of sentiment, and his sentiment is not for slaughter and victory over unhappy enemies, but for the simple joys of home-life, the love of family and friends, the sadness of parting and death, the pleasures of memory, the hope that is in a religious belief, the wonder and beauty of the world in which he lives. These are Mr. John J. Gurnett's themes in **Reveries** (3d.); he dedicates his little volume "from afar off" to "Saint Francis of Assisi, The Mystic and Lover of Humanity"; and it does not strike us as strange, in view of the facts we have been mentioning, to find from his brief introduction that he is a Quartermaster-Sergeant of the Shoeburyness School of Gunnery. His songs are not the finished academic exercises of a student; their merit lies in the spontaneity and high sincerity of the feeling and the thought they utter. This is so in the lines on "Woman," with her

"Powers abiding in meekness, diadems twisted of pain;"

in "The Children's Garden," with its aspiration after the building of the fairer city:

"Where gods may walk in our gardens, where angel and man shall meet;"

and in the thoughtful stanzas "To My Son." It is so, indeed, in all the twelve poems that make up the book. Mr. Gurnett strikes the keynote of his booklet in the opening verses, "The Litany of Life," which set forth his own simple love of humanity and his belief in the essential goodness of God, and end with thanksgiving:

"For the vision and the glory in the prophets' seeing eyes,
For the glowing hearts that listen to the counsels of the wise,
For the smoking flax of pity trembling in the souls of men,
For the bruised reed of manhood growing stronger in God's ken."

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